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Thomas J. Howell

EDGERLEY'S

REVISED EDITION OF

HOWELL'S STRANGER IN SHREWSBURY,

OR

A NEW

Tourists' Guide,

CONTAINING

THE AUTHENTICATED DETAILS INCLUDED IN THE FORMER PUBLICATION, WITH THE ADDITION OF MUCH USEFUL MATTER CONNECTED WITH ITS PUBLIC & PRIVATE CHARACTER, ITS COMMERCIAL & POLITICAL RELATIONS, WITH A GENERAL VIEW OF ITS HISTORICAL RECORDS, RELICS, MANNERS, CUSTOMS, MARKETS, POPULATION, IMPROVEMENTS, HOTELS, INNS & TAVERNS, SEATS & MANSIONS, SCENERY, DISTANCES. &c. &c. WITH A REFERENCE TO THE FASHIONABLE INHABITANTS, PROFESSIONAL MEN, &c. AND A DIRECTORY OF TRADE.

INCLUDING ALSO

The Cambrian Tourist,

OR

A COMPLETE DELINEATION OF THE JOURNEY FROM

Shrewsbury to Holyhead,

THE MENAI BRIDGE. &c.

BEING AN HISTORICAL & DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH OF THE MOST INTERESTING SCENERY ON THIS ROMANTIC AND BEAUTIFUL ROAD: WITH A DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE MENAI STRAIT.

INCLUDING

A PARTICULAR DESCRIPTION

OF THE

LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER RAILWAY:

SHREWSBURY:

PRINTED BY H. EDGERLEY.

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PREFACE

THE Necessity, or rather the utility, of a New SKETCH of SHREWSBURY—for the use both of the Resident and Stranger—having been repeatedly expressed: such an one as should convey Information more generally useful; that should limit Historical Detail within its due bounds, and extend Relative Matter to the utmost wish of the Enquirer after Ancient Record or Present Existence. The Editor of this small Book has been induced to revise one of the best Works of the kind published of late years, (HOWELL'S STRANGER in SHREWSBURY,) to divest it of those superfluous adornments which attend most Descriptions, and to substitute in their place a variety of information more suitable to the Tourist and the Inhabitant; for this purpose he has provided what has long been a desideratum, viz.—a Directory of the Inhabitants arranged under the seperate heads of the Army—Clergy—Professional Men, including Legal

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and Medical Practitioners—Artists—Scientific Gentlemen, &c. together with every Individual engaged in Trade and Commerce. He forbears any allusion to the Talent called into action on this occasion, assured that the public are competent to discover if it exist, and if it do not, he will thus avoid the odium which the egotist so richly deserves.

HIGH STREET.

GENERAL CONTENTS.

Historical Description of Shrewsbury.

(Page 1 to 9.)

Trade and Commerce—Extent of Population—Improvements—Factories—Principal Inns and Coach Offices—Poetical Reflections—Advice to Tourists—The Quarry—Particular Scenery—House of Industry—River Severn—New Church of St. Chad—General Remarks.

(Page to)

Quakers Meeting-House—Wesleyan Methodists—Old Theatre–Welch Bridge–New Theatre–Carriers' Warehouses Frankwell—General Remarks—Town Walls—Castle Gates—Castle-Foregate—Coal-Wharf—County Gaol—View of the White Hall—The Danah—Scenery, &c.

(Page to)

The Castle—Lancasterian School, situation, &c.—Royal Free Grammar Schools—Water-Lane—Infirmary—St. Mary's Church—St. Alkmond's Church—English Bridge—Abbey Church—Lion Inn—White Hall—Lord Hill's Column—St. Giles's Church, &c. &c. &c.

(Page to)

St. Julian's Church—Unitarian Chapel—Guild Hall—Market Hall, &c. &c. &c.

DIRECTORY

Of Trade and Commerce,—Alphabetically arranged.

THE TOURISTS' GUIDE.

SHREWSBURY.

This town by the ancient Welsh called Ymwithig, or the Delight, by the Britons Pengwerne, and by the Saxons Scrobbesbyrig: is situated on a gentle eminence in the centre of a fertile valley, and nearly surrounded by the river Severn. Its distance from London is 153¼ miles. It is the county town of Shropshise and returns two Members to parliament.

The Normans after their conquest of the Island either from inability to pronounce the harsher Saxon words or otherwise, were induced to soften the latter term into Shrobbesburie, from whence Salop and Shrewsbury derive their names. Leland the Antiquary however thus accounts for its origin.

Built on a hill fair Salop greets the eye,
While Severn forms a crescent gliding by:
Two bridges cross the navigable stream,
And british Alders gave the town a name.

The rise of Shrewsbury is referred to the 5th. century, when the Britons established themselves here as a protection against the harrassing incursions of the Saxons, who had previously levelled the Roman Uriconium (the present Wroxeter) with the earth.

The invaded having fixed upon the scite of the present Town, then called the hill Pengwerne, founded a city which in 617 became the residence of the Princes of Powis. It thus remained in the hands of the Britons for several centuries, till the superior prowess and sanguinary nature of their Saxon foe drove them to seek refuge amidst the mountains of Montgomeryshire.

In the reign of Alfred Shrewsbury was numbered among the British Cities, by the name of Caer Pengwerne. Ethelred with his court kept the Christmas of 1006 here. About the same time Alfhelm a prince of the blood, was invited to a banquet by Edric, Duke of Mercia, and was murdered whilst hunting in the Neighbourhood, by Godwin Porthund a Butcher, at the instigation of Edric.

In the year 1016, the inhabitants having revolted to Canute, Edmund, surnamed Ironsides, marched here, beseiged the City, and, having taken it, severely punished them for their Revolt.

Upon the conquest of England by the Normans, the City was granted to Roger de Montgomery, a Norman Chief, related to William, who, as soon as in possession, judiciously built a Castle on the Isthmus. Earl Roger was, however, not permitted to enjoy his acquirements without molestation: Owen Gwyned, a Welch Chieftain, excited by hopes of plunder, attacked it with a large body

of Welch. William marched with a numerous army from the North, defeated Owen, and slew a great portion of his followers: as an acknowledgement of gratitude to Divine Providence for the success of his arms, the Earl founded the Benedictine Abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul. He died July 27, 1094, and was buried in the chapel of the Abbey; over his tomb was placed an armed knight, in stone.

In 1216, the nobility of the realm did homage to William, (Henry's Son,) at Shrewsbury, and swore allegiance to his father.

The subjugation of Wales had for some years been a favorite scheme in the politics of the period; the result of the incessant attacks on the Welch, was, that Shrewsbury was constantly subjected to the wild rage of the hostile parties.

In the early part of the reign of John, a Royal Council assembled in Shrewsbury, to devise means of checking the incursions of the Welch; the Prince of Powis, (Gwenwynwyn,) offered terms of peace, but was detained a prisoner. The Welch strove to regain their freedom: John collected a large army at Oswestry and released the Prince, with several of his Chieftains, who promptly joined his standard. Llewellin ap Jorweth, who then governed Wales, retired before the British Monarch, and delivered hostages for his conduct; but, afterwards, with the object of releasing his countrymen from the yoke of foreign government, he broke the truce which had been concluded. When this intelligence reached John, he ordered the execution of the hostages, twenty-four in number, and allied to the first families in Wales.

In 1269 peace was again restored, and the town and castle of Shrewsbury were placed in the hands of the king's eldest son, (afterwards Edward the First.) On the death of his father, Edward determined to obtain the entire conquest of Wales: after Easter, 1277, he left London to regulate the ensuing campaign, and removed the court of exchequer and King's Bench to Shrewsbury.

Llewellin ap Griffydd saw (previously) that a blow was meditating by the English King, which would fall ultimately, with terrible effect upon his country, he prudently sought the support of the adherents of Montford, by the solemnization of a marriage with the daughter of the late Earl, but, upon her passage from the court of France, she was taken Prisoner by an English vessel, and detained at the court of Edward: Llewellin demanded his bride from Edward, the latter required him to appear and do homage for his Kingdom, which he refused, unless hostages were given for his safety. This disobedience was the pretext for an entire conquest of the principality. Edward advanced by slow and cautious operations, whilst Llewellin returned to the mountains of Snowden, surrounded by the numerous army of the English; the prospect of a famine presented itself, and Llewellin threw himself upon the clemency of the British Monarch, who compelled him to do homage for his crown, and fined him to the amount of 5000 marks.

The conquest of Wales proved of great importance to Shrewsbury, which had been subjected for 800 years to all the ravages of warfare.

Richard II. summoned a parliament to meet at Shrewsbury in 1397; the king was splendidly entertained, and

passed several oppressive acts, which afterwards tended to his deposition.

In the following reign, the Welch, under the celebrated Owen Glyndwr, again attempted to recover their freedom, supported by the Earl of Northumberland, Worcester, and Douglas; he twice compelled Henry to retire before him: Northumberland, however, was taken ill at Berwick, and Hotspur his son took the command of his father's troops, and marched towards Shrewsbury to unite with the Welch Chieftain. Henry hastened to Shrewsbury, and interposed himself between Hotspur and Glyndwr.

Previous to the engagement which ensued, Henry sent the Abbot of Shrewsbury with offers of pardon to Percy's troops, if they would disperse; but Percy sent a manifesto to the Royal Army, renouncing his allegiance, and complaining of the grievances his family and the Nation had endured: this inflamed the passions of both parties. The battle was fought within three miles north of the town, at a place called Old Field, (now Battlefield,) on the 22nd of July, 1403. The Scots rushed with fury upon the front of the Royal Army, which gave way, but the King arriving with fresh troops, they regained the lost ground. Henry exposed himself to every peril, and fought with an ardour worthy the crown he defended.—His valiant son, whose feats of arms in France, afterwards, acquired him so much renown, performed prodigies of valour.—"Percy, the high! the fierce! the watchword of a daring band!" waded through blood and slaughter unsated with the carnage he had assisted to create, linked in fellowship with the ancient enemy of his house, (Douglas,) but now his companion and rival in arms; together they moved, braving the wildest roar

of the battles' rage, performing, on that day, feats that appear incredible. Douglas determined that the King of England should fall by his hand; Henry had, however, disguised several captains in the royal garb: the sword of Douglas rendered this proud distinction fatal; having killed the King's standard-bearer, he attacked Henry with so much fury, that he had barely time to escape to another part of the field. During the heat of the engagement, the death of Percy, by an unknown hand, decided the fate of of the day, and the Royalists prevailed. Seven thousand men fell in the field of battle; the Earls of Douglas and Worcester were taken prisoners, the latter was afterwards beheaded at Shrewsbury.

This may be named as the first of those conflicts between the white and red roses, which fixed the house of Lancaster on the throne, and deluged the nation for years with its best blood.

During this engagement Owen Glyndwr was compelled to remain inactive, at Oswestry. Henry made a public thanksgiving for this brilliant victory, and founded the collegiate church of Battlefield on the spot where the battle was fought, and the slain entombed.

In the fatal quarrels between the house of York and Lancaster, Shrewsbury remained steadily attached to the former. After the defeat and death of Richard Plantagnet, his son Edward, Earl of March, raised an army of 2300 men in the neighbourhood, to whose support he was principally indebted for his throne. He committed his Queen to the care and protection of the inhabitants of Shrewsbury, she twice lay in at the Convent of Black Friars, and was delivered of Richard and George Plantagnet.—But, as it would

be superfluous to enter into a chronological detail of those events which more peculiarly belong to history, and which are chronicled in the annals of our countrys' greatness; we shall omit (for the sake of introducing matters more relevant to the traveller) the vicissitudes which Shrewsbury encountered during the civil wars, and the subsequent periods of anarchy and confusion. The last Royal Visit paid to the town was by James II. in 1697, who kept his court at the Council House.

TRADE & COMMERCE.

THERE is no doubt that the trade of Shrewsbury has been very considerable, though of later date its importance has been rivalled by more eligibly situated places for the furtherance of commerce. Its situation on the borders of Wales gave it an advantage over many other parts, in the trade of cloth and other merchandize, it being considered the common mart between England and Wales. The trade in woollen cloth, as described by Mr Pennant, has from very early days been a particular object of attention to the inhabitants; they having possessed, almost exclusively, the trade with Wales in a coarse kind of cloth called Welch Webs, which were brought from Merioneth and Montgomeryshire to the Thursday weekly markets: at the time of Elizabeth, not less than six hundred individuals obtained a maintainance by dressing the cloth. It was exported principally to America, as clothing for the slaves, or to Flanders, where it became in great request among the peasantry; this traffic is, however, diverted into other channels, and

not more than four or five thousand yards brought to the ancient mart. This market has subsequently been broken up, on account of some disagreement between the manufacturers and the drapers of Shrewsbury, and the market is now held at Welchpool, every other Thursday.

Besides its trade in flannels and webs, a Brewery was established here in 1618; and in the reign of Henry the VIII. and Elizabeth, it was celebrated for its glove and shoe manufactory.

Shrewsbury being the capital of a large and populous county, at this day enjoys a considerable trade; its vicinity to the principality of Wales, and the facilities possessed by its water conveyance and land carriage, render it an extensive mart for the disposal of goods. The Factories here, of which there are two for the making of linen, are upon an extensive scale, the largest of the two belongs to the firm of Marshall and Co. the other to Benyon and Co.; considerable quantities of sewing thread, of a peculiarly good quality, are part of its manufacture: besides these, there are Manufactories for cotton and flannel goods—an extensive iron and brass Foundry, the property of a spirited individual of the name of Hazledine—a spirit Distillery—two ale and porter Breweries, and, till lately, a soap and starch Manufactory; one of the porter Breweries has recently been discontinued, but its place has been supplied, probably more effectually, by the introduction of Guinness and Co's Dublin Porter, for the sale of which there is a regularly appointed agent, resident in the town, who supplies Shropshire and some of the adjoining counties with the potent beverage; the regularity of the supply, the truly genuine quaiity of the article, and its moderate price, enable

even our farmers to indulge themselves in the luxuries of a foaming tankard of Dublin Stout.

But the more peculiar Manufacture, (if it may be so denominated,) upon which Shrewsbury rests its undying fame, is that of its cakes and brawn; very recent instances have occurred of each having formed part of a royal feast, and standing in the place of some of its choicest luxuries.

With the extension of buildings arising from the increase of trade and riches, we, also connect the advance of its population :—

In the reign of Edward the Confessor there were only 252 houses, and the earliest estimate of its inhabitants is in 1695, the town then contained 7383 persons; in the year 1801 a census of the population was taken, when the town, with its parishes, was found to contain 13479 inhabitants; in 1811 they had increased to 15512,—in 1821 to 18242, their present amount may be calculated at 21500.

The rapid increase within so short a period as from the present estimate to the last, may be taken as a fair criterion of the growing importance of Shrewsbury; and whether the prominent causes of its advance consist in the salubrity of its air—the romantic and varied scenery that surrounds it, or its local advantages for the furtherance of trade and commerce, it is scarcely necessary to examine; it is more than probable, that all have united to render it a desirable situation for enduring the brief span allotted for our existence.

These additional causes have been the means of introducing into the town a number of individuals of active industry and speculative talent, who, by the assistance of capital, have been able to place it upon a par with towns of

greater names.—In place of the old-fashioned shops and gothic buildings projecting with threatening attitude into the street—occupying the greater part of the pavements, concealing within the niches and shadows of their primeval porches accumulatious of dirt and filth sufficient to create all the diseases Caliban wished his employer—we have an arrangement of handsome fronts, equalling many of the London, and scarcely secondary in the extensive choice of the rich productions of the loom contained in them. Among these places of fashionable resort—and most striking in point of resemblance to the London fashionable establishments—we may point out several shops on Pride Hill: the names are marked with a star in the directory; here the combined advantages of a splendid variety give a zest to their dealings that induce a strangers' belief: in the more immediate proximity of the capital, supposing this the first place of call, we next direct the visitor to the Market-Square, where, facing the Town Hall, in an open and prominent situation, are ranged several shops of not inferior note: High Street, also is rife with the purveyors of those miscellaneous adornments which add so materially to the blandishments of the fair sex, in distinct contradiction to the false deductions of the poet, that

"WHEN UNADORNED, ADORNED THE MOST."

Mardol may also be said to boast a similar abundance of receptacles of these descriptions—which affording scope to the utmost vagaries of the human mind, await the confused decision of the votary of fashion.

In several other streets, also, will be met with a display of the germ of extrinsic ornament, upon which fashion rests its claims for distinction, and which await the admiration of the belle, and form the beau ideal of her earthly happiness; but it would be impossible to enumerate the whole united force of

that phalanx enlisted to indulge the fantastic caprices of woman's wish. The addenda will supply their names and serve to give an idea of one branch of commerce, carried on with spirit and success in the town, and animate the stranger with the striking fact that Englands' greatness does not arise solely from its expansive ports or metropolitan wealth, but as much from the internal resources its most insulated districts supply.

Having so far described those attractions which await the female visitor, we now briefly direct the attention of our Male Tourists to the most particular resorts for improving the outward man; and if we might so far introduce our opinion as to apply it in this place, we would assert that

"*Man, when well drest, is Natures' noblest Ornament.*"

We do not mean it to be understood that this is independent of a still nobler faculty, for without the soul or mind, or each or either, man would be a libel on nature and unworthy an introduction to these pages; but, in the general belief that our travellers enjoy this distinguished claim to human nature, we beg to recommend the adoption of Salopian habiliments, as a passport to the society or places he may frequent on his journey: like our English Arab, Sheikh,* he will pass the desarts of doubt unquestioned by the Tartars of curiosity, with which this division of our country abounds, who, pitching their tents in the vicinity of public resort, way lay the rank of the traveller by injurious surmises as to his real station; but the genuine salaam, the legitimate acknowledgement of superiority will hang upon his accoutrements as a Show-Bill—printed in the best style of the revisor of these pages, and exhibited in a shop window—would designate that much was to be found within. For those who imitate most the cunning devices of the Bond-Street tailleur—see directions at the end:—

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* *Burkhardt, the celebrated African Traveller.*

[*The names are marked with a star.*]

And, if the professors of any art deserve well of mankind, let the meed of praise be given to those who make man more perfect than he was formed. In addition to these professors of external adornment, we should not omit the *Frizeur* and the Perfumer; these are more limited in number, but equally adjuncts to gentility, and should occupy a prominent place in the affections of our claimants to *bon ton*, either male or female: the latter we refer to those lines of Pope—

"*This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,*
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck:
Love in these labirynths his slave detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains;—
Fair tresses mans' imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair."

and, by a slight alteration of these words, man, by the adoption of this economy, might be easily proved to possess a capacity to entangle within the meshes of his web the other sex; thus ensnaring and ensnared, it is more than probable that the first cause is obliterated from his momory, but, as a reviver of recollection, we affix the names of our artists of first repute, and leave to the choice of the Visitor which to engage.—[*See List of References at the end.*]

But it would be more than useless to attempt to enumerate the varied arts and professions that engage the visitor's time and attention; considerable interest, however, would be excited by an inspection of either factories: that of Messrs. Marshall and Co.* situated at the Castle Foregate extremity

* *A few years ago, nearly the whole of this building was des-*

of the town, is constructed upon a scale of magnitude that would be little anticipated by the Denizens of Leeds or Manchester; it affords employment to hundreds of our poorer Townsmen and families, who, without this resource, would hang like an incubus on the limited funds of our parochial legislators.

The Factory of Mesrrs. Benyon and Co. is placed close upon the margin of the Severn, in the more immediate vicinity of the Town; this, also, is an extensive building, it employs a large number of hands, and is celebrated for its manufacture of patent thread. One of the partners, H. Benyon Esquire, is a resident of the town, and a neqhew of Benjamin Benyon Esq. the former respected proprietor, who some years since gave up his connection with Shrewsbury (as it is said) in consequence of the ungrateful treatment he experienced at the hands of the inhabitants during an electioneering contest. We have every reason to believe, however, that his successor enjoys a considerable portion of that popularity which attached to his uncle.

The two largest Inns in the town, are the Lion—at the top of the Wyle Cop, on the London entrance into Shrewsbury—and the Talbot, situated more centrically in the town, and

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troyed by fire; the devouring element having commenced its operations in the flax room,—where a candle or other light had been accidentally placed for a short period,—the inflammable nature of the material lent added fury to the destructive energy of the flames, which, in a brief space, raged over the whole extent of the building destroying all before it, till, as a climacterix to the wound-up feelings of the spectators, the huge pile rocked and fell with a thundering crash to the earth; but it was again built up with additional security against fire, and is now in active operation.

approached either through the Market Square in front of the Town Hall, or by a narrow street called Shoplatch, leading from the top of Mardol; either of these Inns possess extensive accomodations: connected with the former, and occupying considerable space of ground, is the

COACHING ESTABLISHMENT

of Mr. Taylor; the constant bustle that prevails here in the arrival and departure of the Mails and Stage Coaches to and from all parts of England, render this Office a busy and animating spot; but this is not the only peculiarity that attaches to it, its economy embraces the most systematic arrangements for travelling—the minute specified is the signal for departure—and, whilst it embodies the utmost calculations of human certainty as regards safety, it embraces economy, politeness, and promptitude. Several coaches, upon a novel plan have recently been started by the proprietor, these appear to afford more than the usual accomodation, and may occasionally be seen ranged in formidable rows in the yard.

The Talbot is also a Coach Office of considerable note, a number of stages start from this Inn to different parts of the Kingdom; the only disadvantage, consists in its being obscured by forming the angle of two narrow streets, where much of the effect of a bustling office is lost by the close proximity of the adjacent houses.

There are several other Inns of importance, though of less extent than the preceding, some of which are connected with the coaching interest, though upon a limited scale,—the others are, generally speaking, commercial;—among these is the Crown at the top of Pride Hill, this—if comfort, attention, and reasonable charges be not a matter of too little importance to the traveller,—will be found to possess every requisite for a sojourn for an indefinite time; its accommodations are good,

and its situation is probably more pleasant and healthy than that of any other Inn in the town,—the front windows command a long view of the more central part of the town, whilst its elevation above Pride Hill divests it of the grosser atmosphere which surrounds the lower division; the Liverpool and Manchester Coaches pass by it and take up passengers:—the Proprietor, from long connexion with the coaching interest, is perhaps better qualified than any other man in the town to give information relative to travelling.]

☞ *For Hotels and Taverns see Directory*]

We will now suppose our Tourist quietly seated over a decanter at his Inn, speculating upon what is to be seen in the Town and its vicinity that can compensate for the stoppage of a day or two in its bounds.—As a slight introduction to the more prominent features, we insert here (though generally unfavourable to poetical interpolations) a few verses that may not exactly prove out of place, at least, the reader has the privilege of passing them by; they were composedby a native of the Town, after many years absence:—

SHREWSBURY.

Salop! to me thy smiling face has charms
Which other counties–other climes–have not;
Home of my youth e'en now thy vision warms,—
Though later scenes have pleas'd thou hast not been forgot.

And thou fair Quarry, gladly would I stray
Once more thy ever verdant glades among,
To note SABRINA wind her slumbering way—
With one unvaried sound thy banks along

Yes! here Tranquility has made abode:—
But, hark! the Organ's swelling peal is heard;—
Whence comes it?—issuing from yon House of God; *
The Reverend Preacher now expounds the Word.

Salopia thou art bless'd, if blessing is
The rich possession of the Word of Life;—
Here PALMER† wooed thee to the Realms of Bliss,
And faithful strove, successful was the strife.

And FLETCHER‡ too, with eloquence divine,
Displayed the symbols of his holy faith,
Taught the dark labyrinths of the Soul to shine,
And passed serenely through the shades of Death.

Here mild DE COURCY§ influential awed
The wav'ring sinner into firm belief;—
St. Alkmond's rung with simultaneous laud,
And hundreds found the antidote to grief.

But what avails it idly to rehearse
How these performed their sacred duties here;
Their manes demand a more exalted verse,—
The kindling mem'ry, and the kindred tear.

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* The new church of St. Chad, in the immediate vicinity of the Quarry.

† The Reverend John Palmer, for many years pastor of the baptist congregation at their chapel in Dog Lane, now called Claremont Street Chapel.

‡ Reverend John Fletcher, for an account of whom see "Wesley's Life of Fletcher."

§ Reverend Richard de Courcy, Rector of St. Alkmonds for nearly 30 years, a zealous advocate of Divine truth. Died November 4, 1803, aged 50 Years.

From these I turn to legendary lore.
And retrospective trace the mouldering page,
When Shrewsbury's bulwarks echoed back the roar
Of Cambria's thunder and of Cambria's rage.

*Yon crazy pile * high towering o'er the flood,*
Frown'd proud defiance on the raging foe,
Bath'd her red battlements in hostile blood,
And hurld her vengeance to the vale below.

Thro' that once stately portal—crumbling now
In iron panoply—have heroes strode,—
Fac'd the grim front of war with manly brow,
And hew'd through leag'ring bands a rugged road.

And HAUGHMOND † thou, where the rebellious band
Of fiery Hotspur meditate the seige;—
Where triple ranks in sinewy ardour stand
And wait–hostilely wait–their coming liege.

How different was thy martial bearing then,
To the deserted grandeur of the day:
Thou looked'st as thou ne'er canst look again,
When strewed with armies drawn in fierce array.

And I can hear–in fancy hear–the cry,
The deadly war-shout of each hero's band,
As float their banners and their plumes on high,
And falchions clash and glitter in their hands:—

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* The Castle, now the residence of J. C. Pelham Esq. one of our representatives for the county.

† Haughmond Hill and Abbey, in the vicinity of which the fatal contest took place between King Henry and his rebellious subjects,–Hotspur–Douglas &c.

But all of heroism—all is gone,—
These wrecks of strife alone remain to tell
Her former fame,—her battles fought and won,—
That proud Salopia stood and Cambria fell.

In the supposition of a ramble engaging the Tourist's thoughts, we beg to direct his steps to those successive objects of attraction which more particularly demand attention and afford interest: these will be found under their seperate heads, and, as an introduction to the rest, we briefly decide upon

THE QUARRY,

The name of which delightful retreat, would imply a combination of huge stones torn from their mother earth, chiselled with accurate judgment upon the principle of the Square Root and ranged in formidable rows around the irregular excavation formed by the pick or blast; but the contrast between the real and the imaginary scene is more than commonly striking; several walks of the most romantic character, arched over with a regulated profusion of lime trees meeting at the top and forming long green vistas or alleys, sheltered from the summer's sun, and almost equally excluding (by means of its thick umbrageous foliage) rain and wind. Close upon the margin of the lower walk the Severn calmly streams along the unruffled current of its waters, and, upon the opposite side, a steep bank presents itself, whose front, clothed in the richest verdure, presents a serpentine walk by which the summit is attained, from whence a far extended view of hill and dale —reaching, apparently, to the utmost verge of the horizon— calls forth those sentiments of admiration which the stranger rarely fails to express. Here, placed with that profuse in-

consistency which regulates all the actions of mankind, stands the House of Industry, or Receptacle for the Poor, * the Halt, the Maimed, and the Blind. A situation so commanding, a prospect so wide and beautiful, might naturally (it is but reasonable to suppose,) have been selected as the scite of a mansion for the residence of the wealthy and the great. The present building is one possessing much accomodation and of considerable extent; it was originally a Foundling Hospital, and adapted to its present purpose in 1784. At the foot of the bank is the river Severn, † on its further side the Quarry, with its variety of trees, interspersed with meadows and promenades;—beyond these the Town of Shrewsbury, with its churches, castle, and public buildings, strongly relieved by a back ground of scenery that description would fail to pourtray. The prominent objects from this spot are the Wrekin, at about a distance of twelve miles; Haughmond Hill and Castle, about four; Lord Hill's Column; the Factories; the English Bridge, &c.

Having crossed the river once more, by means of a ferry at the foot of the bank, the visitor proceeds up the first avenue of trees to Quarry Place, the residence of several of our most respectable inhabitants.—On the left of this is the new

CHURCH OF ST. CHAD.

The situation of this church is rural and quiet; it is raised on

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* *A gentleman recently examining our house of industry and County gaol, remarked that "Every encouragement was held out to rogues and paupers, inasmuch as they were provided with the most eligible situations that the town contained"*

† *The river Severn takes its rise near the Hill of Plynlimmon in Montgomeryshire, is 220 miles in length, and terminates in the Bristol Channel, it is navigable from its first entrance into Shropshire to its debouchure into the sea.*

a terrace overlooking the Quarry: there is a good smooth promenade in front which is very generally frequented by visitors. The church is built of free stone, and is of the most ornamental architecture:—probably too light and airy to convey an impression of dignity and solemnity, to hand down to posterity that species of reverence which generally attaches to the relics of by-gone days, in the crumbling, time-worn sanctuaries of our God and his worship;—its internal arrangements, however, have a pleasing aspect; it possesses a beautifully painted window, and, upon the whole, a stranger would be much struck with its general appearance.

Proceeding down St. John's Hill, (which is in the direct line from Quarry Place,) on the left, up a small court, is the Quaker's Meeting House; a few yards below this is the Chapel of the Wesleyan Methodist's, and at the bottom of the hill is the Old Theatre:* dramatic representation has for some years ceased in this building, in consequence of a serious accident attended with loss of lives having occurred here, arising † from the ruinous state of the building. In front of the theatre is a narrow lane, down which, and the continuing street (called Barker Street,) you approach the

WELCH BRIDGE.

This consists of five arches built of free stone, of recent erection, and substituted in place of one of those antiquated specimens of masonry, narrow, irregular, and fortified, which more peculiarly belong to the age when the wild son of Cambria hovered on the borders of the stream—doubtful whether to plunge

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* *This Building is a part of the palace that formerly belonged to the Barons of Powis.*

† *The accident to which we refer, was the falling in of part of the roof in the night, by which a poor man of the name of Davies, (who occupied the adjoining house) with nearly the whole of his family, were buried in the ruins.*

through the river in the broad face of his enemy, or to creep by stealthy movements along the narrow, fortified, and dangerous pass of the bridge.

At the nearer foot of this Bridge, on the left hand, is the NEW THEATRE; this building is of small dimensions, and is only occasionally used for performances; it is calculated for dramatic or equestrian representation, and, during those periods when not occupied by a company, it is used to warehouse cheese and butter at the fairs. On to the right hand are a series of Warehouses occupied by carriers and wharfingers, the principal part of that business being carried on upon this spot. Over the bridge is the suburb of the town called Frankwell,* at the extremity of which are several delightful eminences; upon one stands Millington's School and Alms Houses, the others are occupied by neat rural residences.

Close upon the aforementioned warehouses is the bottom of Mardol, a street which leads up into the heart of the town; crossing this, a small passage conducts you to Roushill Walls; these form a pleasing walk, and running as they do, paralell with the river, fully point out to the stranger the circumstances which caused their erection. † These terminate at that part of the town called Castle Gates, which name arose from the line of

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** Through this suburb is the direct route into Wales, an hour's ride brings the traveller into the land of the ancient Britons, and, once here, his further progress is attended with every thing calculated to arouse his imagination and excite his interest.—For an account of this road—See "An Historical and Descriptive Sketch of a Journey from Shrewsbury to Holyhead," Price* 1s. *[To be had only of H. Edgerley, Bookseller, High Street, Shrewsbury.]*

† These walls formerly possessed great strength and encircled the town in every direction, as a safeguard against the Welch in the predatory warfare of that period; they were defended by archers, and have stood the brunt of many an hostile conflict.

of wall encircling the town being connected upon this spot by a ponderous arched gate communicating with the castle above. Below this place is another suburb of the town called the Castle Foregate, a long irregular street presenting nothing that can serve to beguile the traveller of a moment of his time.* On the left is Coton Hill, which introduces us to the Chester and Liverpool road: for the sake of abridging the walk, we beg to direct the stranger up a narrow circuitous lane at the junction of the two roads above-mentioned, and upon the right hand, by which he will attain the summit upon which is erected the

COUNTY GAOL.

This is a spacious and airy building, and contains within the limits of its lofty walls a combination of building adapted to all the purposes of its construction; in front is a free stone gateway, and above it, placed within a niche, may be seen a bust of Howard the Philanthropist; on the left of the gate is the porter's lodge, and upon the right, after entering, is the Lazar House, or Hospital; at the back of a neat grass-plot in your front stands the Governor's residence; on either hand of this building are gate-ways leading to the various cells and courts occupied by the male and female prisoners and debtors; the whole forms an oblong square surrounded by lofty walls, the external sides of which are entirely surrounded by an artificial terrace, from which the most delightful prospect imaginable presents itself: looking across the river from the right-hand terrace, embosomed in trees, an ancient and highly picturesque building attracts the attention, this is

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* *We should not, however, omit to mention that about half way along it is the Coal Wharf, being the terminable point of the Shrewsbury canal; also, at the extremity of the Castle Foregate is the extensive Factory of Messrs Marshall and Co., as before described.*

WHITE HALL,

The residence of Mrs. Hanmer, a building which retains nearly all the characteristics of older times, as a feudal hall, ; by some authors it is proved to be an ecclesiastical relic, and a connection is traced between it and the Abbey, by means of huge walls of a mouldering red stone, a great portion of which exist at the present. Beyond this Lord Hill's Column rears its lofty head, and on the right hand is the Abbey Church, at which we shall arrive in the course of our walk. Having turned from the contemplation of the prison, and the views which surround it, we have to regain the town, and, for this purpose, we will follow the line of terrace leading from the Gaol to the Castle Gates; this elevated promenade is called the Danah, aud takes its name from the gentleman with whom originated the design of forming a walk on this bank; the view from it is extensive to a degree: at the foot of the bank upon which the terrace is formed, is that portion of the town called the Gates; beyond this the whole arrangement of houses, Suburbs, Churches, and other buildings constituting Shrewsbury, are seen to considerable advantage. Still more remote stretches a wide and rich champagne, studded with mansions and buildings of varied character and beauty; and, at the extreme point of observation, the Welch Hills confine the land of the Britons within its legitimate boundaries.

Let the Stranger now turn his back upon this scene, and, without changing his situation, look above, where

Yon Crazy Pile high towering o'er the flood,
Frown'd proud defiance on the raging foe,—
Bath'd her red battlements in hostile blood,
And hurl'd her vengeance to the vale below.

This record of the deeds of other years, crumbling beneath the touch of time and still frowning its lofty defiance on the invader, whether the curious or the hostile, is elevated from its very foundation above the head of the gazer; this ancient pile is

SHREWSBURY CASTLE,

founded by Roger de Montgomery, and his residence, as described by a wandering Scotch Minstrel:—

> "*It wals the residence of Roger,—*
> *A bauld an'canny sodger,*
> *Wha came fra' Normandee,*" *&c.*

This was the lair of the fierce soldier, and the chief seat of his Baronial power; here he reigned as a prince, surrounded by his mercenary and daring followers, and ruling with a rod of iron over his vassals; he was, however, subjected to the attacks of the Welch, who, under an equally bold and daring leader, the celebrated Owen Glyndwr, hung like a falcon on the wing of the Norman Baron. The Castle, from its altitude, may be viewed from many points; its base is almost entirely encircled with walks, affording, independent of the interest excited by the structure, various views calculated to excite admiration in the stranger. The Castle has, no doubt, undergone many alterations since the days of its founder,—this creates a difficulty in deciphering anything-like distinctly its ancient state,—but sufficient remains to prove that, as a place of defence, it possessed incalculable advantages in resisting the attack of a foe, however wily or daring, and was capable of enduring a protracted seige. The principal remains of the original pile consist of the keep, the great arch of the interior gateway, and the walls of the inner court. It is now, and has been for some years, the town Residence of John Crescett Pelham Esq; pre-

vious to whom it was in the hands of Sir William Pultney.

Immediately adjoining the castle, and on the part next to the County Gaol, is the

ROYAL LANCASTERIAN SCHOOL.

This school was founded upon the plan of the celebrated Lancaster: it is a neat brick building divided into two parts, and having in each division a commodious room, in one of which the boys are educated, under the active superintendence of Mr. T. E. Jones, whilst the girls are instructed in all the useful branches of a plain education by Mrs. Lee. Very near this building, upon the bank of the river, and opening upon a wide and fertile prospect, is Mr. Jones's Private Academy; the situation is at once healthy and delightful, and the internal arrangements of the academy are fraught with every thing calculated to improve the morals of the rising generation, and "To teach their young ideas how to shoot." Passing on along the Danah, and under the walls of the castle, a broad flight of steps introduce you again into the town: immediately upon your right is the Shrewsbury

ROYAL FREE GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.

This school, founded and endowed by Edward VI, and afterwards augmented by Queen Elizabeth, has obtained great celebrity under the management of the Reverend Archdeacon Butler; it is a capacious and lofty structure of free stone, and has recently undergone great improvements; its pupils have gained the highest honours at the university, and its name and fame are so closely interwove with classic proficiency, that it stands pre-eminent over most similar

institutions. On the left hand is the principal entrance to the castle; beyond this, up a court, is the Council House: here, in the early part of the history of the town, a Royal Council and Parliament assembled, to legislate for the welfare of the kingdom, and to repress by their enactments the turbulent spirit of the Welch. Still further on we come to an opening which, by a steep descent, leads down to the Water Gate, so called, from the proximity of the river to an ancient gateway, still standing, though deprived of its gate; this is the remains of a fortified entrance into the town, and yet preserves much of its original character.—Returning up the bank we come in sight of

THE INFIRMARY,

a new and noble stone building, supported by voluntary subscription, erected within the last two years upon the scite of a brick building opened in the year 1747; the want of accommodation in the old building induced its directors to call upon the public for resources to extend the benefits of an institution calculated to remove many of the ills to which flesh is heir; they have succeeded in erecting a monument to the philanthropy of the subscribers, and an edifice that has added greatly to the improvement of the town.

Adjoining the infirmary, and sufficiently near to point out the intimate connexion between the living and the dead, is

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

This church was formerly collegiate; its spire towers up in a lofty and majestic attitude, to the height of 217

feet; the body of the church consists of a nave, side aisles, transcept, chancel, choir, and chapels, with a western steeple. On the face of the church, and near the entrance facing St. Mary's Street, is a tablet inserted in the wall, and bearing record of the fate of one John Cadman, Who, in a wild attempt

> "*To fly from this high spire,*
> *Across the Sabrine stream, he did acquire*
> *His fatal end; 'twas not for want of skill*
> *Or courage to perform the task he fell;*
> *No, no, a faulty cord being drawn too tight,*
> *Hurried his soul on high to take its flight,*
> *Which bade the body, here beneath, good night!*"

The unfortunate victim of his own presumption was interred near the spot. The place where he fell was the Block House Wall, near the wicket that opens into St. Mary's Friars.

Passing through the iron gate of St. Mary's Church Yard, a little before you lies

ST. ALKMOND'S CHURCH.

This building (formerly collegiate) possesses a fine tapering spire. The situation of the church is elevated, but it is very closely surrounded by houses, most of which, particularly on the right, add but little ornament to the sacred edifice, several narrow passages, some of which have steep flights of steps, which diverge from the church yard into various divisions of the town; they are generally irregular crowded and dirty, particularly the two leading into those districts where are situated the butchers shambles; we therefore advise the visitor to pursue the left hand direction,

where, following the boundary of the church palisades, a flight of steps present themselves,—these lead towards the top of the Wyle Cop; but, before descending, you perceive immediately upon yonr right hand

ST. JULIAN'S CHURCH,

A regular and substantial edifice, without any peculiar decoration, and rebuilt in the year 1750. The street to your left leads to the Wyle Cop, at the summit of which is the Lion Inn, being our first hotel, and celebrated for the excellence of its accomodations. Up the broad passage annexed to it is the Coach Office, which we have before referred to. In the front of the Lion is Dog Pole, in which the Post Office is situated. Proceeding down the Wyle Cop, (a tolerably broad and steep street,) you come in sight of the

ENGLISH BRIDGE.

This is entirely constructed of free stone, and was built in the year 1769. The *tout en semble* displays considerable architectnral taste, though possessing no superfluous or superficial adornment; it is in reality what its first appearance suggests, viz.—a firm, well regulated, and noble structure; its length is about 400 feet, and is supported by seven semicircular arches; the middle arch is 40 feet high and 60 span. The view from the centre of the bridge, down the river and along the left bank, is striking, and gives a fine idea of the situation of the town. On the elevated bank, close upon your left hand, the New Infirmary presents a broad back front, (if it may so be called,) of fine free stone, and seated apparently in the midst of gardens, forms a commanding object; further on, the County Gaol stands conspicuous, and a view of the Castle may be obtained—

rearing its ancient tower amidst a mass of foliage. The Linen Mills of Messrs. Benyon and Co. still more remotely appear; and, lastly, the surrounding scenery, amalgamated with the eddying stream, spires, and buildings, concentrate the admiration of the gazer into one idea of the unique and beautiful.

After crossing the bridge the road to your right leads into the closely populated Suberban District called Coleham: but we beg to direct the visitor straight onward, when he encounters full in front the

ABBEY CHURCH.

We conceive no time can be so well employed as that devoted to the examintion of the monumental relics of those ages when the rude sway of the feudal lord and the more gloomy reign of superstition's cowled and capoted tyrant reduced man to a degraded level with the brute; when the utmost height of ambition was the subjugation of reason, and the ability to place the iron heel of oppression on the necks of thousands of crouching, grovelling slaves. The contrast with the present day, when the lowest menial incorporates himself with the chartered priviledges of his country,—when the almost serf disputes the legality of that limited controul which his employer holds over him, and announces with proud disdain his assistance in straining to its utmost tenuity the thread of intellect's march; and yet, with this excess of denizenship, who is there knowing the change of time and circumstances that could not derive a fund of mental pleasure from contrasting the past with the present. The Abbey in front, keeping pace with time in its mouldering progress, was founded by

Roger de Montgomery, first Earl of Shrewsbury. The whole external appearance of the building, is that of extreme antiquity, and admits of no dispute as to the period of its erection. At the back part of the church are the remains of a stone pulpit, curious for its elegant construction, but much dilapidated. The internal arrangememts afford many relics of antiquity: several stone busts of the ancient warriors of the cross, prostrate on their couches of stone; among them, the stern and frowning effigy of the founder of the abbey occupies a prominent place. A curious pavement appears in the vicinity of the vestry, and, scattered around the walls, are the armorial bearings of many of the "illustrious dead." The church also contains a beautifully painted window, by Sir John Betton and Mr. Evans.

Leaving the abbey to our right, and following the bend of the walls which surround the gardens of the monks, called the Abbey Gardens, we enter a fine and open road, planted on either side with a row of trees, this is the Abbey Foregate, at the terminable point of which is a lofty column of free stone, erected in honour of and to commemorate the atchievements of our gallant countryman, Lord Hill.

LORD HILL'S COLUMN

Is supposed to be the largest Greek Doric column ever erected; it stands a monument of the liberal enthusiasm, a record of the distinction which awaited the hero of Talavera, Almeiraz, Toulouse, and Waterloo; the square base of the pillar is graced by four lions couchant, wrought in free stone, between two of which is the entrance to the spiral staircase which leads to the platform, guarded by an iron

palisading, very nearly at the top of the monument; the ascending stone steps are so numerous, as to fatigue those not habituated to exertion; and, attached to each rail of the balustrade, a gilt letter attracts the eye of the visitor, and tends in a considerable degree to divest him of any nervous sensation he may experience, by engaging his attention in deciphering the sense of the combined arrangment: these state the date of erection and the object. On completing the flight of steps, a small door opens upon a square balcony, closed in with a light paling of iron;—seats are placed here for repose:—and now, impulsively, the eye takes a sweep so wide and extensive, that objects may be easily distinguished on a fine clear day at the distance of from eighteen to twenty miles. A fine open country surrounds you in every direction, and the several turnpike-roads diverging from this point may be traced for miles. Above your head the statue of Lord Hill (of colossal size) meets your eye:—one hand rests upon a sword, the other holds a military hat. The expences attendant upon the erection of the column amounted to £6000. and the whole was defrayed by voluntary subscription.—At a short distance from this stands

ST. GILES'S CHURCH.

This building, insignificant in its appearance, lays claim to notice purely on account of its antiquity; it was built in the Norman era, as some remains of architecture fully testify, but these are mixed up with work of a later date, and, excepting a few attractive mementos in the church-yard, the visitor will scarcely find sufficient reasons for delaying his peregrinations.—Beyond this is

THE MILITARY DEPOT,

a modern and handsome brick building, having accomodations

for receiving 2500 stand of arms. There are also two Magazines for ammunition. The building was designed by Wyatt and erected at the expense of government.—

Thus far has the visitor (and we hope satisfactorily to himself) examined the public buildings and scenes which the town presents; but there are others which it would be tedious minutely to present to his notice, though deserving of the highest respect on account of peculiar circumstances connected with their origin, their antiquity or their utility. I have thought it necessary here to terminate the general view of Shrewsbury by recommending a return to the Inn, firmly convinced, that, should the investigation of all these objects here pointed out have been pursued in the course of a summer's day, (however long,) that the gratification has been indulged at the expense of ease; and the pleasure derived from them scarcely commensurate with the fatigue encountered. That I may not, however, be supposed lightly to estimate the ability of the confirmed pedestrian, or deprecate the untiring energy of the antiquary, I have, for "sitting-down perusal," added a Summary or concise view of those unnoticed remains, relics, incidents, and observations, in the town and its vicinity, which may be selected for examination at the pleasure of the reader, or passed by as unworthy the pursuit; I have also included Notices of Men and Things, which may serve to complete the promise given in the title page, and prove of utilily to the resident, if not of direct interest to the stranger.

RANDOM SKETCHES.

SHREWSBURY is a Market and Borough Town, 154 miles north west of London: Market Days, Wednesday and Saturday; Fairs, second Wednesday

in every month.—The Borough contains five Parishes, viz.—St. Alkmond's; St. Chad's; Holy Cross and St. Giles's; St. Julian's; St. Mary's.

Speed, the historian, observes of Shrewsbury,—"Wholesome is the air, dilectable and good, yielding the spring and autumn, seed-time and harvest, in a temperate condition, and affording health to the inhabitants in all seasons of the year."

On the west and north sides of the town, the streets approach so closely to the margin of the river as not unfrequently to be inundated with the torrents which rush down from the mountains of Montgomeryshire.

In a meadow within the limits of that portion of land denominated the Quarry may be traced the remains of a rural Amphitheatre, with an arrangement of seats cut in the bank; on this spot, there is every reason to suppose that the friars of the neighbouring Augustinian Convent amused the inhabitants of the town with those ancient sacred dramas, called Mysteries or Whitsun plays; for which the monks of that day were so celebrated.

In former years, the quantity of salmon produced in the river Severn was so considerable as to form the principal diet of the inhabitants; and it is asserted that ancient records remain, in which, upon the occasion of drawing up articles of apprenticeship, it was provided that no master should compel his apprentices to eat the above delicacy more than three times in the week; the restriction is now perfectly useless, as the supply is so limited as to be considered a dish fitted only for the palate of the epicure.

The advantages arising from the admirable situation of the town are not so fully embraced as they might have been; it is true the exterior circle of elevations have induced the erection of many handsome buildings, romantically situated and imbedded in shrubberies; but the internal arrangement of streets possess too much the contracted views of our ancestors, in addition to which the authorities have failed to exact that regard to cleanliness and improvement which might be effected with little expense or trouble.

One great inconvenience is experienced in the want of accomodations for a good Market; the supply of articles (consisting of poultry, butter, eggs, and miscellanies,) is abundant, but the limited and paltry building erected to receive these necessaries is capable only of containing a twentieth part of the articles offered for sale; the consequence is, that the pavement of the principal streets is crowded with a dense mass of country people offering their produce for sale, to the great annoyance of the passenger, who is frequently compelled to promenade the very centre of the streets through accumulations of mud, or retrace his steps to where he first set out.

The Town has long been celebrated for affording good society; the Families of respectability resident upon its skirts and within its boundaries are numerous, but there does not appear to be that intimate association of friendship between individuals of the same rank, or that reciprocity of cordial feeling which tends to render our circle of fashion a harmonious comingling of social spirits. On occasion, however, of public entertainment, a phalanx of rank and beauty not excelled in any town of equal size, meet together to engage in the festivities of the hour; but the patronage afforded to the needy purveyor of pleasure, is too limit-

ed to enable him to reap a profitable harvest from "fashion's follies." It is not however improbable, that much of this may arise from a more noble spirit of domestic enjoyment, an enjoyment that rests not for its support upon those external appearances which beguile the uninitiated, but speak in volumes to the calm observer of natural action.

Shrewsbury is a Corporation by prescription; charters and immunities have been granted it by nearly every king from William the Norman to James II. The corporation consists of a Mayor, Recorder, Steward, Town Clerk, twenty-four Aldermen, forty-eight assistants or common council-men, two chamberlains, a sword-bearer, Serjeants at mace, &c.

SHREWSBURY SHOW,

An ancient custom having its origin in the celebration of a popish festival, is still perpetuated annually by a part of the inhabitants; this consists of a procession formed by the different trades, who still retain the charter granted them of old. The companies assemble in the morning of the second monday after Trinity Sunday, before the Castle, accompanied by their Wardens, a profusion of flags, banners, and emblematic devices together with music attending them; each company is then arranged in the order of procession, and preceded by an individual on horseback, gaudily arrayed (with his horse) in a miscellaneous distribution of patches and finery: this (if a man) is denominated "the King of the Trade" to which he belongs; if a woman—"the Queen." The united Company of Booksellers, Painters, and Sadlers, are represented by a man dressed in the costume of Reubens, (recently substituted for a led caparisoned horse;) this is exclusively typical of the "art Divine," excepting the furniture of the horse which applies to the saddler.

But the booksellers are too indistinctly defined in this arrangment (except by a paltry banner) to give a stranger any idea of their incorporation; yet, the device is one, without exception, creditable to the taste of the company: an illustration more complete of the courtly figure and the graceful attire of the olden time could scarcely be procured, even from the choicest works of art which have been handed down to posterity, and it has the effect of throwing their train of majesties completely into the shade; yet the eye of vulgar taste loves to wander, in preference, where the portly eighth Henry

Swayed with fat obscene,
Lards the lean earth
And taints the scented green.

This figure is denominated "the King of the masons," and is dressed as near the style of that monarch as circumstances will admit.

The Smiths and Armourers are preceded by a Knight in complete armour, the warlike tendency of whose accoutrements are rendered sufficiently ludicrous by the vain attempt of knighthood, to wear his honours with anything like complacency; the pendulous motion of his body, countenanced by the weight of armour–fitting with incorrigible tenacity to his loins,–joined with the warmth of the weather, the occasional caper of his broken-kneed–wind galled and sorely jaded steed, produce an effect as ridiculous as it is possible to conceive.

The Hair Dressers, till lately, have been led by a Queen; this damsel, selected from the mob on account of a shewy face, is first–we presume–placed in intimate contact with a mop and pail of water.* The process of purification having been duly

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* *We are led to this conclusion by the wonderous transformations which have taken place in the personal cleanliness of individuals who have been selected for this distinguished situation, and the imperious doubt that all ordinary methods would fail to remove the incrustation.*

observed, an emblazonment of the whole person ensues: "a roseate hue" mantles on either cheek,—the "delicate white and red", by painter's hand laid on, gives a bewitching air to the ambitious maid:—bedeck'd with silks and satins, and sandals formed of silks of varied dyes, with crown-tiara-diadem or eke, an imitation of the gorgeous three, she sweeps along—a queen or like a queen.

The Cloth Workers are represented by the figure of Edward IV. The Hatters and Furriers, till of late, were preceded by an American Indian. The Skinners, by the figure of a Stag, large as life, attended by huntsmen sounding their bugles.

The procession thus formed proceeds along the principal streets, then over the Welsh Bridge in the direction of Kingsland, where each company has its seperate arbour, or pavilion, adorned with the arms of the company over its entrance: here a cold collation awaits the mummers.

The day is spent in festivity, and at the close of the evening the company leave the ground by a different route, and return into the town over the Welsh Bridge. *

This ancient custom has lost much of its importance, and, unless supported with more spirit than heretofore, will eventually dwindle away into comparatiAe insignificance

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* *Formerly it was customary for the masters of the different trades to walk with the procession, but this has in a great measure ceased; and now the journeymen and apprentices almost exclusively adhere and follow the banner of their representative. Their devotion and fidelity to the cause being demonstrated on their return from the ground by repeated hurrahs and a direct aptitude to irregular locomotion; in a word, the whole body get regularly drunk. The commander exhibits more than his wonted confidence, but the royal freaks are somewhat kept in check by the careful gripe of two equally redolent guardians of his conduct.*

The following curious notice (in connection with St. Alkmond's Church) is still in preservation; displaying forcibly the superstitious feeling of our ancestors.

"*This yere,* 1533, *upon twelfe day, in Shrewsbury, the Dyvyll (i. e. devil) appeared in St. Alkmond's Churche there, when the preest was at high masse, with great tempeste and darknesse, so that as he passed through the churche he mountyd up the steeple of the said churche, tering (tearing) the wyers of the said clocke, and put the print of his cluwes upon the fourth bell, and took one of the pinnacles away with him, and for the tyme stayed all the bells in the churches within the sayde towne, that they could neyther toll nor ring.*

Among the curiosities to be seen in the Royal Free Grammar School of Shrewsbury, are three sepulchral stones discovered in plowing a field near Wroxeter, of which a correct description is given by Mr Pennant.—

"The largest has on its summit a pine-cone between two lions, and beneath the pediment a rose. the first is taken from the *Picea,* called by Pliny, Feralis Arbor, expressive of its melancholy subject, and not unfrequent on memorials of this kind. Such was the great brass cone, five yards high, which crowned the mausoleum of Adrian, now the tower of St. Angelo, and is still preserved in the gardens of Belvedere. The inscription denotes the death of C. Mannivus Secundus, of the town of Pollentia, a *beneficiarius,* or veteran of the twentieth legion, who had served his time, and was called again into service by the entreaties of the chief legate.

The second stone has, on the upper part, a human face, two dolphins, and two serpents. Beneath are three panels. In the first is commemorated by her husband, *Placida*, aged fifty-five, and thirty years his wife. In the next is an inscription to Deuccus, a boy fifteen years old, son to the same person, *Curagente patre*. The third panel is a blank; so, it is probable, that the man who erected this monument, designed to be buried in the same place with his wife and son, but dying elsewhere, this pannel remained unfilled.

The third stone is inscribed to M. Petronius, Sigifer, or standard bearer to the *Legio quatuordecima gemina*, the fourteenth double Legion, or a legion formed from two. As this legion never was in England, the learned Dr. Ward guesses that Petronius only came for his health and died here. *

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* *A few other Roman antiquities, chiefly from Wroxeter, are deposited in a small museum separated from the lower end of the room. Here are also some fossils, and other natural curiosities. Among the latter is the dried body of a sturgeon, caught in the Severn, a little below the castle, in* 1802. *When alive, it weighed one hundred and ninety two pounds, and was nine feet long, and three feet four inches round. It was healthy and full of spawn, and though in struggling the bones of the head were fractured, it lived a day and a night after being taken out of the water, a circumstance almost as extraordinary as its passage of three hundred miles up the river from the sea. In front of the schools, on the town side, is an inclosed playground; there is also a considerable portion of land for the same purpose in the interior part of the premises, with two commodious houses for the masters.*

At the upper end of High street, is an ancient red stone building, which was formerly the Hall of the Cloth Makers, or Shearmen's Company. It is not known when it was erected; but, not many years ago, it bore evident marks of the architecture of the 14th century. A large ancient timber house, called the Old Post Office, adjoins the south side, and, with the building in question, forms a court, entered from the street by a gate-way.*

The first notices we have of travelling to or from Shrewsbury by coach conveyance, is extracted from the Diary of Sir William Dugdale; which states, that in the month of June, 1681. having occasion to remove from London to his country seat, in Warwickshire, he came down by the Shrewsbury coach.

This first coach to Shrewsbury did not it appears long continue, as all traces of its existence had vanished as late as 1750; when a lady, whom sudden business called to London, was compelled to ride to Ivetsy Bank, fifteen miles east of Shiffnal, to meet the Chester and London Coach, by which means only she could obtain a more rapid locomotion than that afforded by the stage Waggon from Shrewsbury to London.

At the close of the year 1750, a new carriage started called The Caravan; it was fitted up with benches to con-

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* *This hall has undergone, not only several alterations in its structure, but has been applied at various times, to purposes of a somewhat dissimilar nature; it has been the seat of useful commerce—it has been devoted to the rational amusements of the stage—it has been a methodist chapel; and afterwards a tea warehouse.*

tain from twelve to eighteen persons; the style of the vehicle resembled the caravans in which wild beasts are transported to country fairs. It was drawn by six able horses, and professed to perform the journey in four days, but generally occupied five.

In Aril, 1743, the Birmingham and Shrewsbury Long Coach, with six horses, started from the Old Red Lion here, to the Bell in Holborn, and performed the journey in four days, the fare being 18s.

In an extract from Dr. Taylor's MSS., given by Phillips, reference is made to the ordinary mode of travelling adopted by the nobility, long before the introduction of any vehicle resembling a light carriage.—

'This yeare, 1582, and the 11th daye of Marche, beinge Moonday, at nyght, the Right Honourable Lady Mary Sidney came to this town of Salop, in her Waggon, and tooke up her lodgynge at my Lord's Place theire; and on the 12th day ensuing, the most valiant Knight Sir Henry Sidney, hyr husband, being Lord President of the Marches, came also from Ludlowe, to thys towne of Salop, in honourable manner, and as he passed in hys Wagon, by the Condit, at the Wyle Cop, were made two excellent orations, by two of the Free Scool scollars, he staying in hys Wagon, to hear the same, the which in the end he praysed very well: and soe passed through towards hys lady, with his troompiter blowyug verey joyfully to behold and see.'

A good specimen of the smaller mansion of Queen Elizabeth's time, may be seen in Barker Street; it is built of red stone, and incloses three sides of a small court: this building is denominated

THE BELL STONE HOUSE,

and is supposed to have been erected by Edward Owen, Alderman and Draper, of Shrewsbury, in 1582, from whom have descended the Owens of the Woodhouse.

Among the eminent characters of whom Shrewsbury claims the honor of giving birth, not one is more worthy of record than that celebrated naval Commander, John Benbow.

John Benbow, Vice-Admiral of the Blue, was born at Shrewsbury about the year 1650, and descended from an ancient and worthy family; his father, Colonel John Benbow, and many of his relations, were much reduced by their loyal though unfortunate attachment to the cause of Charles the First. As it would be impossible to give a detail of that series of events which introduced young Benbow to the special favour of King William, and his subsequent aggrandisement, we beg to refer our readers to several accounts which have appeared,* relating to this great man. It is generally known that a series of disappointments attended his professional career; as also that his merit obtained for him a high station in the estimation of his Sovereign; several peculiar anecdotes are related of him, one of which only we have room to quote.—

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* *An abridged though luminous history of his adventures will be found in the Shropshire Gazetteer, but this is merely an extract from a more copious work, by a biogra- of whom at present we cannot recollect the name. But it is to the son-in-law of the Admiral, (Paul Carlton Esq. of Milton, near Abingdon,) the Public are indebted for any particular account of the life and exploits of the gallant sailor.—Editor.*

'In the year 1686, Captain Benbow, in his own vessel, (previous to entering his Majesty's service,) was attacked in his passage to Cadiz by a Salee Rover, against which he defended himself, though very unequal in number, with the greatest bravery, till at last the Moors boarded him, but were quickly beat out of the ship again, with the loss of thirteen men, whose heads Captain Benbow ordered to be cut off, and thrown into a tub of pork pickle. When he arrived at Cadiz, he went ashore, and ordered a servant to follow him with the Moor's heads, in a sack. He had scarcely landed, before the Officers of the revenue enquired of his servant what he had in his sack. The Captain answered, Salt provisions for my own use. That may be, answered the officers, but we must insist upon seeing them. Captain Benbow alledged, that he was no stranger there, that he did not use to run goods, and pretended to take it ill that he was suspected. The officers told him, that the magistrates were sitting not far off, and that if they were satisfied with his word, his servant might carry the provisions where he pleased, but that otherwise it was not in their power to grant any such dispensation. The Captain consented to the proposal, and away they marched to the Custom-House, Mr. Benbow in front, his man in the centre, and the officers in the rear. The magistrates, when he came before them, treated Captain Benbow with great civility, told him they were sorry to make a point of such a trifle, but, since he had refused to shew the contents of his sack to their officers, the nature of their employments obliged them to demand a sight of them; and that, as they doubted not they were salt provisions, the shewing them could be no great consequence one way or the other. 'I *told you*,' said the captain, sternly, '*they were salted provisions for my own use. Cæsar, throw them down upon*

the table, and, Gentlemen, if you like them, they are at your service.' The Spaniards were exceedingly struck at the sight of the Moors' heads, and no less astonished at the account of the Catpain's adventure, who, with so small a force had been able to defend himself against and defeat such a number of Barbarians. They sent an account of the whole matter to the Court of Madrid, and Charles II., then King of Spain, was so much pleased with it, that he wished to see the English Captain, who made a journey to Court, where he was received with great testimonies of respect; and not only dismissed with a handsome present, but his Catholick Majesty was also pleased to write a letter in his behalf to King James, who, upon the Captain's return, gave him a ship, which was his introduction to the Royal Navy.

The talented and wellknown Dr. John Taylor was born at Shrewsbury. This gentleman was the son of a Barber, and the grandson of the Rev John Taylor, B. A., third master of Shrewsbury School.*

**Young Taylor's father was employed to dress the wigs and trim the beard of Roger Owen, Esq., of Condover. This gentleman was accustomed frequently to converse with his barber respecting his family and the future prospects of his children. Old Taylor used to declare that he had good hopes of them all, except his son Jack, whom he could not get to take to the business, or to handle the razor or the comb. Mr. Owen, therefore, determined to give young Taylor a learned education, in which expense he was no doubt assisted by one of the exhibitions from Shrewsbury School to St. John's College, Cambridge. Dr. Taylor used to complain to his intimate friends of the riotous festivity, in which gratitude obliged him to take a part, at the house of his patron, whose favour he at last forfeited by refusing to drink a Jacobite toast on his knees.*

Dr. Charles Burney, an eminent musician, was born at Shrewsbury, in 1726, and educated at the Free Grammar School there. Between the years 1776 and 1789, he produced his admired History of Music, in 5 Vols. His son Charles became an eminent scholar and divine, who died in December, 1817, and whose library was purchased by parliament, and presented to the British Museum. His daughter Frances, the wellknown Madame d' Arbly, was the authoress of Evelina, Cecilia, Camilla, and The Wanderer.

Dr. John Thomas, Bishop of Salisbury, was born at Shrewsbury. Bishop Newton relates a curious circumstance relative to this prelate.—'There were,' says that writer, in his own life, 'at that time, two Dr. Thomas's, who were not easily distinguished; for somebody was speaking of Dr. Thomas; it was asked, which Dr. Thomas do you mean? Dr. John Thomas.—They are both named John. Dr. Thomas who has a living in the city.—They have both livings in the city. Dr. Thomas who is Chaplain to the King.—They are both chaplain to the King. Dr. Thomas who is a very good preacher.—They are both very good preachers. Dr. Thomas who squints.—They both squint. They were afterwards both Bishops. Dr. Thomas was chaplain to the English factory, at Hamburgh, and used to go from thence to wait upon George II. at Hanover, on that King's frequent visits to his electoral dominions. The remains of the Bishop were interred in the Cathedral of Salisbury; in which there is a monument erected to his memory.

We could enumerate many other learned and eminent characters, born and connected with Shrewsbury by circumstances; but our space is too limited for a biographical

sketch of men and names. We shall proceed to inform the stranger, that a walk to

BATTLEFIELD,

At a distance of about three miles from the town, will introduce him to the spot where

"In fruitful peace the fields of horror beam;
Through sculls and graves the plow pursues its path:
*Oft doth the swain their arms * from dust redeem,*
And reap life's harvest with the blades of death."

C. A. H.

We have before referred to this field, where the blood of the heroic followers of the fiery Percy—the daring Douglass

"Whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,"

streaming, mingled with the loyal current of the adherents of Henry. The following sketch of the battle is extracted from the Rev. H. Owen's "Account of the Town of Shrewsbury,"—

"The fight began early in the morning of St Magdalene's eve, July 22, 1403, in a place called Battlefield, near a small brook just without the north gate. Percy placed his best troops amidst some acres of ripe peas, hoping

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* "*In* 1823, *two ancient shields were plowed up, of different dimensions. The smallest, (which is the most valuable,) is supposed to have been worn by an horseman, and the larger by a foot soldier.*"—"Hulbert's Select Curiosities, &c."

thereby to retard the motion of his adversary's heavy armed Infantry. The onset commenced with a dreadful discharge of arrows from both lines, the King's forces crying out "St. George," those of the rebels, "Esperaunce Percy!" The Scots rushed with impetuous fury on the front of the royal army, which began to fall back, but the King at that moment arriving with reinforcements, infused new spirits into his almost broken squadrons, who again rallied and recovered their ground. The Battle raged towards Berwick, as far as the spot called Battlefield, and almost to the Abbey of Haughmond. After the battle had continued during three hours with doubtful success, Percy fell by an unknown hand. Some knights of his party, probably anxious to hide the disaster from the troops, who were beginning already to give way, or, if possible, to convert it to their advantage, exclaimed "the King is slain, long live Percy!" Henry at this instant, rushing into the midst of the enemy, with admirable presence of mind, cried out, "The King lives; I am your King, Harry Percy is slain, St. George and victory!" This decided the fortune of the day. The rebels fled in all directions, struck with the news of their leader's death.

It is related of Hotspur, that previous to the battle he enquired for his sword, and on being told it had been left behind at Berwick, (near Shrewsbury,) where they had slept the night before, he exclaimed "My plough is drawing to its last furrow, for a witch told me I should fall at Berwick, which I interpreted of that town in the north, but nevertheless I will not be cheaply won."

The body of Percy was found among the slain, and at first delivered to the Lord Furnival for interment, but by Henry's orders was next day taken from the grave and

placed between two mill stones, in the Market-place, guarded by armed men; after which he caused it to be quartered, and hung on the gates of Shrewsbury and other places in the kingdom.

The church of Battlefield was formerly collegiate, and dedicated to St Mary Magdalene. Its peculiar attraction arises from the circumstance of its being erected on the scite and in commemoration of the victory obtained by Henry over his rebellious subjects. Dilapidation and decay mark the sacred structure. The chancel alone is used for Divine Worship: a small bell, large enough to call the parishioners to their weekly duty, is suspended in one corner of the tower.

What feelings does not the peculiarities of this field produce? here, in an isolated provincial spot, a mere atom of the created earth, surrounded by the still and calm tranquility of nature,—far from all those more active scenes where man contends with man in the rapid but oft checked strides towards the gaol of wealth and dignity,—the bravest of the brave, the highest of the high, and the reckless followers of either's fortunes, fell promiscuous victims to ambition; the daring Briton, the hardy Scot, and the fiery Cambrian alike sunk in the harvest of death! no stone, no monument, no vestige, save tradition, tells the tale:—

"But I can hear, in fancy hear, the cry,
The native war shout of each hero's band,
As float their banners and their plumes on high.
And falchions clash and glitter in their hands.

Yes, here once met Northumberland's proud boast,
*The Royal warrior * and the Scottish chief;*

** It is said, that on that memorable day, so well did King Henry defend his crown, that he killed, at least, thirty six persons with his own hand.*

*Each deathless leader * marshalling his host,*
Seem drawn in vivid and in bold relief."

Perhaps a more desperate struggle never occurred in the annals of our country than the one this spot witnessed:—The fate of a kingdom hung poised upon the result. The battle raged towards Berwick, and almost to

HAUGHMOND ABBEY.

This ancient relic stands at the distance of about four miles from Shrewsbury, and lies nearly at the foot of Haughmond Hill; its situation is on the left hand of the turnpike road on the route to Ercall, and is the property of Mrs. Corbet, of Sundorne, who studiously preserves the venerable remains from farther dilapidation.

"The entrance to the chapter house, (which remains entire,) is by a finely ornamented aisle, having a window on each side, divided into two compartments by slender short pillars. Nothing remains of the church but the south door of the nave, a beautiful round arch, resting on slender shafts, between which have been inserted a Gothic tabernacle, inclosing statues of St. Peter and St Paul.

"On the south side of the chapter house, opposite the scite of the church, there are remains of the rectory, and beyond it a large building, consisting of a spacious hall eighty-one feet by thirty-six; this hall is lighted by Gothic windows on each side; on the north side there is an antique fire-place."

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* *We should not omit to mention, that the never to be forgotten Knight of Sack, yclept Sir John, here exhibited his prowess in the loyal ranks, or harrassed the foe from some secret covert,—slew Percy (as he asserted) with his own hand, and fought three hours by Shrewsbury clock.—Vide Play of Henry IV.*

Several other relics connected with the abbey remain, but which we are obliged to pass over.* Its erection is stated to have taken place in the last year of William Rufus, (1100) by William Fitz Allan, who endowed it with the land on which it stood, and all its appurtenances.† Succeeding kings and dignitaries, including the Pope, conferred upon it numerous especial priviledges.

SUNDORNE CASTLE.

"The elegant mansion of Sundorne," on the left of the ruins, "was erected on the castellated style by the late John Corbet Esq.—Its site in a beautiful lawn—the venerable appearance of the castle—the sloping banks which surround the large sheet of water, and covered with plantations—the rich verdure of the adjoining woods—numerous corn fields and pasture grounds tufted with trees—the hedgerows and walks happily diversified, and the bold appearance of the Abbey on the adjoining hill, vary the scene, and render the *tout ensemble* extremely interesting.

Upon the summit of the adjoining hill is a miniature castle erected by the late John Corbet Esq. The view from this point embraces a wide spread scene of rich corn fields and pastures, watered by the majestick stream of the Severn, with a great number of rivulets, which, descending from the uplands, pour their tributary streams into that river; while the pleasant seats and farm-houses, thickly scattered through the scene in

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* *Leland says there was an hermitage and chapel on this spot before the abbey was built. William Fitz Allan and his wife, with Robert Fitz Allan and others, are there buried.*

† *The yearly revenues of this abbey, at the dissolution, were* £269. 13*s.* 7*d.*, *according to Dugdale; and* £294. 12*s.* 9*d.* *according to Speed.*

contemplation, and surrounded by clumps of trees and copse wood, satisfy the spectator that nature has not, in this neighbourhood, lavished her treasures in vain.

BERWICK HALL,

the seat of Mrs. Powis, is two miles north west of Shrewsbury. This is a neat and extensive mansion, seated in a lawn of considerable extent; but its principal ornament is the very elegant and costly Gate, at the commencement of the drive or approach to the hall; this is of wrought iron, highly ornamented by the skilful hands of the workman. The design from which this work of art was executed was brought from Italy, at considerable expense, At either hand is a small lodge. The stranger will find this *chef de ouvre* of hammer work worth his attention.

COUND LODGE,

a plain brick Mansion, the seat of our eccentric but liberal minded County representative, John Crescett Pelham Esq., is situated at the distance of six miles south east of Shrewsbury; the proprietor of this mansion, also, occasionally resides in Shrewsbury, at the Castle, which we understand he rents from the owner, as a town residence.

CRUCKTON HALL,

four miles south west by west of Shrewsbury, is the seat of Thomas Harris Esq.

ACTON BURNELL,

the residence of Sir Edward Smythe Bart., lies at a distance of seven miles from Shrewsbury.

Acton Burnell is remarkable for a castle built soon after the conquest; where, in the reign of Edward I., a parliament was held, in which several statutes were made, among which was the famous act called "The Statute Merchant." This castle is partially dilapidated, but has in general suffered less from the injuries of time than most others in the kingdom.

ATTINGHAM HALL,

This beautiful and highly improved residence is the seat of Lord Berwick; it is situated in the parish of Atcham, a village four miles south east of Shrewsbury, and was purchased by an ancestor of the late Noel Hill Esq., created Lord Berwick in 1784, who took the title of Baron from hence.

ACTON REYNOLD HALL,

Seven miles north east by north of Shrewsbury, is the seat of Andrew Vincent Corbet Esq., proprietor of the Grinshill quarry,* and son of Sir Andrew Corbet of Adderley Hall.

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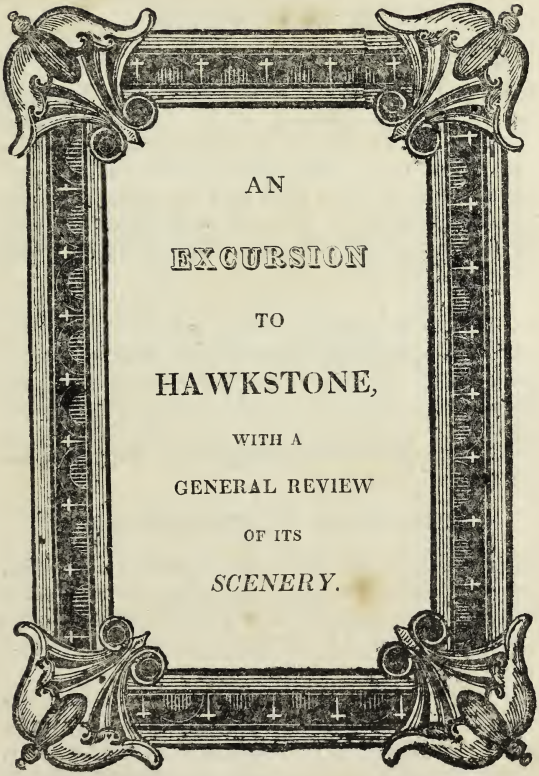
* *"Little more than twenty years ago, a toad was found alive in a solid block of stone, hewn out of the Quarry at Grinshill. The creature survived its liberation only a few moments. It has been carefully preserved in spirits, and is now in the possession of the above gentleman.*


AN
EXCURSION
TO
HAWKSTONE,
WITH A
GENERAL REVIEW
OF ITS
SCENERY.

HAWKSTONE,

The seat of Sir Rowland Hill Bart. This beautiful seat—long the property of the highly respected family of the Hills, and now the valued possession of Sir Rowland Hill, nephew of our distinguished commander in chief Lord Hill—is situated on the north side of a hill, and nearly approaches the turnpike road, on the line from Shrewsbury to Whitchurch.

But, as we cannot so easily pass by the peculiarities of a spot which has afforded so much amusement to its visitors, we beg (in recommending the stranger in Shrewsbury not to leave town without paying it a visit,) to give a more detailed account of it than other seats would justify.—Supposing the traveller has made a

TRIP TO HAWKSTONE

and arrived at the Mansion, we direct his attention to the West Portico, "the pillars of which are of the composite order; and are large and lofty; this is considered a beautiful piece of architecture.

"The Saloon, the Chapel, and the Library, are particularly deserving of attention. The former, a lofty spacious room, is fitted up in a costly manner, and adorned with fine paintings. Among these is the *Seige of Namur*; of which piece the principal characters are taken from life.

CHAPEL AND LIBRARY.

These are in the north wing, which is separated from the rest of the mansion by a colonnade. In the ceiling of the former is a very masterly painting designed as emblematic of the reformation. Truth is represented appealing to Time to bring her to light, and Falsehood flies away affrighted.

THE PARK,

which is very extensive, has often engaged the attention of persons of taste for days together. On a clear day, the eye may command a view of twelve and sometimes thirteen counties, viz.; Shropshire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, Denbyshire, Lancashire Worcestershire, Herefordshire, Flintshire, Denbighshire, Montgomeryshire, Merionethshire Radnorshire, and Blackstone Edge, in Yorkshire.

THE SUMMER HOUSE.

An easy ascent from the mansion, through the side of a wilderness of lofty trees, chiefly beeches, conducts to the Summer House, a handsome octagonal building of free stone, the interior of which is painted in fresco, and represents the four seasons. A spacious Cold Bath, under the Summer House, is supplied by a chrystal spring issuing from the side of a bank, a few yards distant.

THE GULF.

A pleasant walk interspersed with trees, leads from the summer house into a deep valley called The Gulf, which separates the Grotto rock from an op-

posite hill. Emerging from a beautiful lawn, the most romantic scenery suddenly presents itself to the eye of the spectator, and the valley on the left is scarcely inferior to the Thessalian Tempe.

THE GROTTO.

Proceeding along a rising walk on the side of a rock, variegated with shrubs and trees, through which the water appears below, the traveller is at length conducted to the solemn entrance that leads to the Grotto, a profound and extended cleft in the rock. Through this majestick aperture of massy stone there is a gradual ascent to a sombre passage, which extends about one hundred yards, from which all light is excluded. This passage conducts to the Grotto, a vast subteraneous cave, supported by rugged pillars, hewn in the solid rock. The Grotto is formed of the most costly shells, inlaid with petrefactions and fossils.

THE PRECIPICE.

Through a colonnade of rude pillars, tinged with copper, this labyrinth of wonders is quittted by a door on the west, which opens on an awful precipice, and commands a view of huge pending crags, coloured with copper, or hoary with age, and of gaping chasms between the rocks; while the verdant lawn, the fertile distant prospect, the wood and water below, form a fine contrast of the sublime and the beautiful.

THE VIZ-A-VIZ.

Ta ning under the grotto hill, by a stair-case cut

out of the rock, and looking upwards, you behold enormous shelves of green copper hanging over you, as if on the very point of falling. This view is most striking near a place cut in the rock, where there are two opposite seats called the Viz-a-viz.

PAOLI'S POINT.

This grand hill stretches itself out towards the south-west, and the stately rocks remind the beholder of the ruins of Palmyra, or Persepolis. They resemble so many demolished castles, fallen into ruin, and heaped upon each other.*

THE RETREAT,

Leaving the grotto hill, you proceed by the side of stately oaks and rugged cliffs,† till you arrive at a natural cave, called The Retreat, the top of which hangs in small rocky clouds overhead, and has in it some veins resembling mortar, and of a brackish taste. In this cave are some beautiful lines written by the pious Sir Richard Hill, while engaged in contemplating these delightful scenes.

THE HERMIT,

Passing by the Canopy and the Indian Rock, which are both deeply tinged with variegated copper, you

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* *The noble Corsican general, Pascal Paoli, declared, that in all his travels he had seen nothing which had given him so much delight.*

† *The most remarkable of these, called the Ship's Beak, seems as if it had been separated from the main rock by some violent convulsion of nature.*

reach a little cottage, in which there is the figure of a hermit, in a sitting posture and with a table before him, on which are a skull, an hour glass, a book, and a pair of spectacles. The figure rises at the approach of strangers, and appears to repeat some lines fixed up in the inside of the habitation, under the motto,—

'Memento Mori.'

THE FOX'S NOB.

From the hermit's cottage the stranger is conducted to a place called the Fox's Nob, because a fox, some years ago, leaped from the top into a deep valley, and being followed by some of the dogs, the pursuers and the pursued perished together.

SIR FRANCIS'S CAVE.

The next curiosity is Sir Francis's Cave, the entrance to which is under the curious twisted root of a venerable yew tree. After having groped some time in darkness, a sudden transition into the light presents a most enchanting prospect of woods, hills, lawn, and water, mingled with the busy scenes of agriculture.

THE TERRACE.

A turning a little to the left, leads by a gentle ascent to the summit of the Terrace. It is a verdant walk, with forest trees of every kind on each side, with openings at proper intervals, through which the distant prospect bursts upon the view; while hundreds of the feathered tribe charm the ear with their melodious notes.

THE GRAND OBELISK.

On the highest spot of the terrace is erected the Grand Obelisk. It is built of white free stone, and is about one hundred and twelve feet high. From the top of this column, in the inside of which is a stone stair-case, the most unbounded prospect presents itself to view: hills beyond hills discover themselves all around, and England and Wales vie with each other in the loftiness of their mountains, and the richness of their plains.

The gallery of the Obelisk forms an observatory for the astronomer, while the inscription on the base transmits to posterity, the piety and noble acts of a venerable ancestor, a handsome statue of whom, in his Lord Mayor's gown, copied from an ancient monument which stood in the church of St. Stephens, Walbrook, before the fire of London, is placed on the top, holding the Magna Charta in his hand.

WROXETER.

Having conducted the Stranger in Shrewsbury over the interesting scenery and noble domains of the Hills, we next request him to visit WROXETER, or

"THE ANCIENT URICONIUM."

But if old walls and crumbling monuments,
Or deep research in antiquarian lore.
Or time-worn fragments mould'ring into dust,
Or all the train that hang upon the past,—
Where history doth concern, and memory
Takes active part in rescuing from the grave,
Concern not you who spread your arms abroad
In search of wonderment:—no further go!—
It is but rubbish that this spot presents;
The Gaul–the Briton, or the Cornavii,
Rude men who liv'd some hundred years ago,
Heap'd here vile dirt and called it a town.

H. E.

But, for his edification,—should the application be incorrect,—we beg to state, that Wroxeter is situated about 5½ miles from the town, on the road to the Ironbridge.

Agreeable to the most learned conjecture, Wroxeter was founded by the Britons, and was subsequently much enlarged and strengthened by the Romans; but the true period of its erection, as also of its downfall, is a subject that no antiquary feels justified in elucidating. It is strongly supposed to have been the capital of the Cornavii, and that Shrewsbury, like another Phœnix, arose from the ashes.

Leaving, however, the question of its antiquity, as regards date, numerous Roman and British relics having been dug up from the ruins, fully point out the remoteness of its antiquity.

"A rampart and ditch, with remains of walls three yards in thickness, and as many miles in circumference, still mark the ancient boundaries of the city and fortress. The walls are a mixture of British and Roman architecture; where these remains appear, it is thought the Citadel stood.

"The Roman coins found here, are chiefly of the lower empire, and are usually called Dynders, perhaps a corruption of *Denarii*: these are numerous, consisting generally of silver and copper."

Among the relics which have been dug up at Wroxeter, are several sepulchral inscriptions,—moulds for forging Roman money, and entire human skeletons, buried a considerable depth below the surface of the earth, covered with thin slabs of stone. But, for want of space, we are confined to a far more limited description than the subject deserves; and, in the further pursuit of amusement, recommend the tourist to the exercise and amusement derivable from an excursion to the WREKIN.

This cut of conviviality may be esteemed an unnatural introduction to a subject so stupendous as a mountain, and perhaps accord little with the general characteristics of such scenery, or points of observation. However inconsistent at a first glance, the fact of

THE WREKIN

being the centrifugal point, whose social rays diverge to an extended circle, the very outline of Shropshire, encompassing all that is liberal, shedding its ruby influence in a rich and generous flood on the head of the stranger, drawing even from a crowned head the proverbial toast, and creating by its influence a favored distinction, may well, indeed, be esteemed worthy the typical illustration with which we have commenced our description.

The Wrekin is the only hill of any importance that Shropshire can boast; its elevation is at least four hundred yards above the river Severn, and a quarter of a mile above the level of the sea. At its foot, the outstretched champagne which surrounds it on every side, gives the hill an isolated and solitary character, rendered doubly distinct by there being no

STRANGER
In Shrewsbury.

Shrewsbury.

PUBLISHED BY H. EDGERLEY HIGH STREET.

corresponding elevation in its vicinity. The Wrekin is distant two miles from Wellington, and about ten from Shrewsbury.

Perhaps no hill in England lays claim to more distinguishing features than this. The immediate view that it embraces on every side teems with the recollections of social hilarity;—not a seat nor mansion seen from its summit within the confines of Shropshire but demands to be included in the spontaneous toast of

"ALL FRIENDS ROUND THE WREKIN."

But the farther view takes in a prospect beautiful as extended: the utmost verge of the horizon outlines a chain of gigantic eminences, circuitously ranging with the limits of perception, and forming a conjectural circle of four hundred miles. The most extreme point of observation are the two Beacons of Brecknock, the higher at a distance of sixty-six miles. The nearest boundary being the *Caerdoc*, at a distance of thirteen miles, lying south west by west to west.

The vast plain intervening between the spectator and the distant boundary, is on all sides filled up with scenery of the most sublime and romantic description —Seats and Mansions, Churches, Farms, Woods, Plantations, and Water, agreeably diversified with every tint and shade that nature so spontaneously lavishes on this favored isle; here, mingle in a harmony soft and bold—still and magnificent as the fabled fertility of the gardens of Paradise.—Here the expansive intellect of the artist, the heaven-born soaring of his creative genius, shrinks into insignificance: he selects in vain to commence the labour of delineation. But we forbear our further observations, that we may not too prematurely deprive the visitor of a perspective unequalled, of a pleasure unlimited.

And now, most courteous reader, whether thou art the professed Tourist, unceasingly pursuing the path of pleasure,—the artist in search of the picturesque,—the invalid in search of an atmosphere more agreeable to thy diseased lungs,—the pallid denizen of a manufacturing town, on a visit to your country cousins, or whatever or whoever thou art, rest satisfied that I have done my best, upon a limited scale, to introduce to thy notice (without increasing the bulk or price of such gratification,) this town of Shrewsbury, with its peculiarities;—more might be said and become superfluous,—less would have been insufficient.

SEATS & MANSIONS

OF THE

NOBILITY AND GENRTY

IN

SHROPSHIRE.

Acton Burnell. The residence of Sir Edward Smythe, Bart. 7 miles south-east of Shrewsbury.

Acton Reynold. The seat of Andrew Corbet, Esq. 7 miles north-east by north of Shrewsbury.

Adderley. The residence of Sir Andrew Corbett, Bart. 3½ miles north of Drayton.

Apley. The residence of Thomas Whitmore, Esq. M. P. 3½ miles north-west by north of Bridgnorth.

Apley Castle. The seat of William Charlton, Esq. 1 mile north of Wellington.

Aston Hall. The seat of William Lloyd, Esq. 2 miles south-east of Oswestry.

Attingham. The seat of Lord Berwick. 4 miles south-east of Shrewsbury.

Belserdine. The seat of Sir George Harnage, Bart. 10 miles south-east of Shrewsbury.

Burford House. The residence of the Hon. and Rev. G. Rushot. 6 miles south-west of Ludlow.

Coalbrookdale. In this vicinity are the seats of Francis Darby, and Richard Darby, Esqs., W. Tothill, Esq., B. Dickinson, Esq., and J. Reynolds. 13 miles south of Shrewsbury.

Cotton Hall. The residence of the Rev. J. H. Petit. 5½ miles south-east of Bridgnorth.

Cound Lodge. The seat of J. C. Pelham, Esq., M. P. 6 miles south-east of Shrewsbury.

Cruckton Hall. The seat of Thomas Harries, Esq. 4 miles south-west by west of Shrewsbury.

Dinthill. The residence of J. Bather, Esq. In St. Alkmond's parish, and liberties of Shrewsbury

Dorrington. The residence of W. Cross Curtis, Esq. A township in the parish of Condover

Downton Hall. The residence of Sir W. E. R. Boughton, Bart. 3 miles north of Ludlow.

Endson House. A seat of the Earl of Powis. 5½ miles north-west of Shrewsbury.

Felhampton Hall. The residence of ——— Marston, Esq. In the parish of Wistanstow.

Ferney Hall. The residence of General Lloyd, 5 miles north-west of Ludlow.

Frodesley. The residence of Sir Henry Cholmondeley Edwards, Bart. 7 miles south of Shrewsbury.

Great Ness; the residence of T. P. Bather, Esq., and J. Edwards, Esq. 7 miles north-west of Shrewsbury

Great Wytheford; the seat of Philip Charlton, Esq. 7 miles north east of Shrewsbury.

Halstone; the seat of John Mytton, Esq. 4½ miles south-west of Ellesmere.

Hardwick; the seat of the Rev. Sir Edward Kynaston, Bart. 1½ mile south-west of Ellesmere.

Hardwick Shotton; the seat of General Lord Hill. 5½ miles north-east by north of Shrewsbury.

Haughton; the residence of B. Benyon, Esq. M. P. ½ mile north-west of Shiffnal.

Hawkstone; the seat of Sir Rowland Hill, Bart.

4 miles north-east of Wem.

Ketley; the residence of John Bucknell, Esq., and Henry Willimas, Esq. 1 mile S.-E. of Wellington.

Kinlet Hall; the residence of W. Lacon Childe, Esq. 4 miles north-east of Cleobury Mortimer.

Leighton; the seat of Thomas Kinnersley, Esq. 3½ miles north of Wenlock.

Llanvorda; the seat of Henry Watkin Williams Wynn, Esq. 1½ miles south-west of Oswestry.

Longner; the seat of Robert Burton, Esq. A township in the parish of Atcham

Longnor Hall; the residence of the Venerable Archdeacon Corbett. 8 miles south of Shrewsbury.

Loton Hall; the seat of Sir Baldwin Leighton, Bart. 9 miles west of Shrewsbury.

Ludford House; the seat of N. L. Charlton, Esq. ¾ mile south-east of Ludlow.

Lyth Wood; the residence of Thomas Parr, Esq. A township in the parish of Condover.

Mawley Hall; the seat of Sir Edward Blount, Bart. ¼ mile south-east of Cleobury Mortimer.

Newnham: the residence of J. Niccols, Esq. A township in the parish of Pontesbury.

Norley; the seat of Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt Jones, 1 mile before Stanley.

Nursery; the seat of J. F. M. Dovaston, Esq. 4½ miles south-east of Oswestry.

Oakley; the seat of the Hon. R. Clive. 1 mile south-east of Bishopscastle.

Onslow; the seat of John Wingfield, Esq. A township in the parish of St. Chad.

Orleton; the seat of Edward Cludde, Esq. 1 mile west of Wellington.

Peplow; the seat of Joseph Cregg, Esq. 7½ miles north-west of Newport.

Petton Hall; the seat of William Sparling, Esq. 6 miles south-east of Ellesmere.

Pitchford Hall; the seat of the Hon. Cecil Jenkinson. 6 miles south-east by south of Shrewsbury.

Porkington; the seat of W. Ormsby, Esq. 1 mile west of Oswestry.

Prado; the seat of the Hon. Thomas Kenyon. 5 miles south-east of Oswestry.

Preston Montford; the seat of Sir F. B. Hill. 4 miles north-west of Shrewsbury.

Quatford; the seat of the Hon. Charles Cecil Cope Jenkinson. 2 miles south-east of Bridgnorth.

Rowley; the residence of W. Y. Davenport, Esq. A township in the parish of Worfield.

Rowton Castle; the seat of Henry Lyster, Esq 7 miles west of Shrewsbury.

Rudge; the residence of Thomas Boycott, Esq. 7 miles north-east of Bridgnorth.

Sansaw; the residence of the Rev. Dr. Gardner. 7 miles north of Shrewsbury.

Shavington; the seat of the Rt. Hon. Viscount Kilmorey. 4 miles north-west by north of Drayton.

Sibdon Castle; the residence of J. T. Baxter. 7 miles south-east of Bishopscastle.

Sweeney Hall; the seat of T. N. Parker, Esq. 2 miles south of Oswestry.

Tedsmere; the residence of T. B. Owen, Esq. A township in the parish of West Felton.

Tonge Castle; the residence of G. Durant, Esq.

Uffington; the residence of the Rev. Corbet Browne. 3½ miles north-east of Shrewsbury.

Upton Cressett; the residence of Mrs. Harnage. 4½ miles south-west by west of Bridgnorth.

Walcot Park; the seat of the Earl of Powis. 3 miles south-east of Bishopscastle.

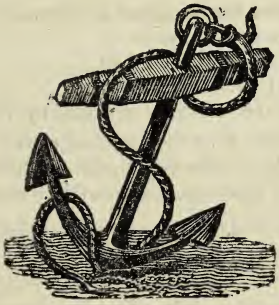
Wallop Hall; the residence of Samuel Amy Severne. Esq. 10½ miles south-west of Shrewsbury.

Willey; the seat of the Rt. Hon. Lord Forester. 5½ miles north-west of Bridgnorth.

Woodcote Hall; the residence of John Cotes, Esq. 3½ miles south of Newport.

Woodfield; the seat of Richard Cotton, Esq. 4½ miles east of Bridgnorth.

Wytheford; the seat of Philip Charlton, Esq. 7 miles north-east of Shrewsbury.



INDEX.

Page.

1 Historical Description of Shrewsbury.
9 Trade and Commerce.
16 Coaching Establishments.
17 Poetical Reflections
20 The Quarry—House of Industry Views, &c.
21 New Church of St. Chad—Quarry Place—The Quakers' Meeting-House—Wesleyan Methodists' Meeting-House—Old Theatre, &c.
22 Welsh Bridge—Carriers' Warehouses—Frankwell—Mardol—Roushill Walls—Castle Gates—Castle Foregate—Cotton Hill, &c.
24 County Gaol, Internal Arrangements, Terrace, Prospects—White Hall—The Danah—Welsh Hills.
26 Shrewsbury Castle—Historical Records, &c.
27 Royal Lancasterian School—Mr. Jones's Private Academy—Danah Steps—Royal Free Grammar Schools, &c.
28 The Salop Infirmary—St. Mary's Church—Remarkable attempt of John Cadman, &c.

Page.

29 St Alkmond's Church—General Remarks.

30 St. Julian's Church—Wyle Cop—Lion Inn—Post Office—Dogpole, &c.—English Bridge—Views from the Bridge, &c.

31 Coleham—Abbey Church—General Remarks.

32 Abbey continued—Abbey Gardens—Abbey Foregate—Lord Hill's Column—Stair-case Statue—Views from its Balcony, &c.

33 St. Giles's Church—The Military Depot.

34 Address—Random Sketches.

35 Parishes—Situation of the Town—Rural Amphitheatre—Produce of the Severn.

36 Markets—Produce—Rank and Fashion.

37 Shrewsbury Show, with its details.

40 Curious Account of a Visit from Lucifer—Roman Curiosities, &c.

42 Ancient and present mode of Travelling.

44 Bell Stone House—Sketch of Admiral Benbow—Sketch of Dr. Taylor, &c.

47 Eminent Natives of Shrewsbury.

48 Battlefield—Description of the Battle—Historical Recollections—Haughmond Abbey, Remains, Origin, and Endowments.

52 Sundorne Castle—Scenery—Miniature Castle—Berwick Hall and Gates—Cound Lodge—Cruckton Hall—Acton Burnell—Ancient Castle—Attingham Hall—Acton Reynold Hall.

55 Excursion to Hawkstone—View of the Mansion—Splendid Varieties of Nature and Art—Perspective—Column in honor of Sir Richard Hill—Caves—Grottos—Scenery, &c. &c.

Page.
62 Wroxeter, or The Ancient Uriconium—British Remains and Curiosities
64 The Wrekin—Extensive Prospect from thence —Situation—Description—All Friends round the Wrekin.
67 Seats and Mansions of the Nobility and Gentry in Shropshire.

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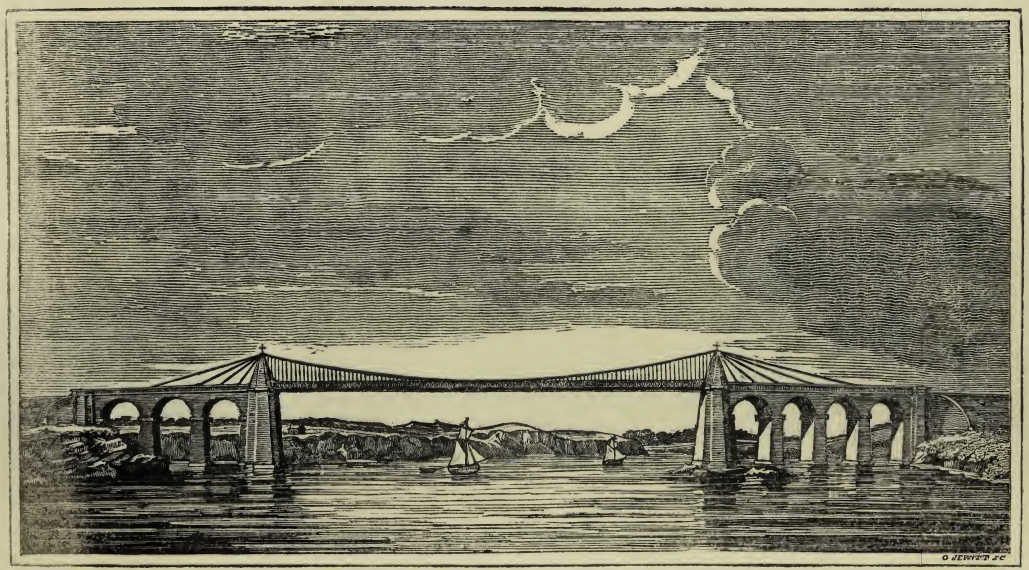
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SHREWSBURY

TO

HOLYHEAD,

BEING

AN HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE

SKETCH

OF THE MOST INTERESTING SCENERY ON THIS ROMANTIC AND BEAUTIFUL ROAD:

Including

A DETAILED ACCOUNT

OF

THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE

OVER THE

MENAI STRAIT.

Nature! to me, thou art more beautiful
In thy most simple forms, than all that man
Hath made, with all his genius, and his power
Of combination; for he cannot raise
One structure, pinnacled, or domed, or gemm'd,
By architectural rule, or cunning hand,
Like to the smallest plant, or flower, or leaf,
Which living, hath a tongue, that doth discourse
Most eloquent of HIM, the great Creator
Of all living things.---

*

Shrewsbury,

PRINTED BY T. HOWELL,

And sold by all Booksellers, and the Waiters at the principal Inns on the Line of Road.

TO THE

HON. THOMAS KENYON,

ONE OF

The Parliamentary Commissioners

FOR THE

HOLYHEAD ROAD;

THIS description of the line from Shrewsbury to Holyhead, is very respectfully inscribed, in testimony of the esteem entertained for his valuable and unwearied services in assisting in the completion of the Road, and more particularly that part of it described in the following pages,

By his obliged and

obedient servant,

THE PUBLISHER.

SHREWSBURY TO HOLYHEAD,

THE GRAND

PARLIAMENTARY ROUTE.

SHREWSBURY,

Corner of the County Hall,

153¼ *miles from London, and* 107¼ *from Holyhead,*

IS beautifully situated on the Severn, in a kind of peninsula made by a bend of the river. The air is salubrious; and, standing on several gentle eminences, the town has a bold and commanding appearance. A margin of garden and meadow ground interposes between the buildings and the river, except at the points where it is crossed by the bridges. On the west of the town, between St. Chad's new church and the river, is a very fine public walk, called the Quarry, along the banks of the Severn, overarched by magnificent lime-trees, which meet at their tops, and form a beautiful kind of Gothic vault. The interior of the town is not so prepossessing as its external appearance. The streets, however, have lately been much improved, are now well paved and lighted with gas. The public buildings are very respectable and well deserving of attention, both for their architecture and antiquity. The castle, which stands on a narrow neck of land on the Severn, was greatly enlarged

by Roger de Montgomery, the Norman, who cleared 51 houses for this purpose. From its present state little idea can be formed of its former extent and grandeur. The buildings of it now remaining consist of two round towers and a curtain, the work of Edward I., built perhaps on the site of the Norman keep; the walls of the inner court, now a garden; and the great arch of the interior gateway, 18 ft. high, are the only remaining part of Roger de Montgomery's work. Considerable traces of the ramparts and walls which once defended the town on its southern and eastern sides, still remain. The shire-hall is a modern building, finished in 1786, and exhibits a handsome stone front. Of the churches, which are six in number, St. Giles's is a small plain building, consisting of a nave, chancel, and north aisle, &c. St. Chad's church, of modern erection, is built on a plan extremely novel, the body of the church being externally a circle 100 feet in diameter. St. Mary's church, which was likewise collegiate, is a large venerable building, in the form of a cross, and consists of a nave, side aisles, transept, chancel, choir, and chapels, with a western steeple. St. Alkmund's was formerly collegiate. The old church was taken down 1793, and the present building raised in its stead. It presents a most wretched imitation of the ancient pointed architecture. Lastly, St. Julian's church is a plain substantial building, rebuilt in 1750. Besides these churches, and the Abbey church not yet described,

Shrewsbury contains a Roman Catholic chapel, and meeting-houses for Presbyterians, Unitarians, Baptists, Methodists, and Quakers. The charitable institutions of Shrewsbury are, the infirmary; the house of industry, originally a foundling hospital, and only converted to its present uses in 1784; also an hospital, founded by Mr. James Millington, draper, in 1734; together with several alms-houses. The free grammar school was founded and endowed by Edward VI. and afterwards augmented by Queen Elizabeth. It has also several charity schools. The town and county jail and bridewell now form one building, which stands near the castle. Its situation is healthy and beautiful. The market-house, built entirely of freestone, is one of the largest and most magnificent buildings of the kind in England. It was erected in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1595; and in the centre of the principal front, over a spacious portal, are the arms of Queen Elizabeth, in high relief, under a rich canopy. The theatre is part of the palace that formerly belonged to the barons of Powis. It is tolerably fitted up within. There are two bridges over the Severn at Shrewsbury, the Welsh bridge and the English or East bridge, both of them of recent erection, and in the place of older ones which had gone to decay, and from their narrowness were extremely incommodious. In the suburb called the Abbey Foregate, are the remains though now inconsiderable, of the abbey dedicated to St. Peter (to whom St. Paul was

afterwards added), founded by Roger de Montgomery, and at one time a great resort of people from all parts of the kingdom, to the shrine of St. Winefrid, of which the monks here had got possession. The church was a spacious and magnificent building. The only part that remains, is the nave, which is now used as a parish church, under the name of the Holy Cross, and in which the beauty of the ancient structure may still be traced in many parts. Besides the abbey, Shrewsbury had formerly a convent of Augustine friars, founded about the year 1256; two other convents, and five chapels, dedicated to their respective saints. Shrewsbury is a place of considerable trade. Flannels used to be the staple articles, and coarse kind of woollen cloth made in Montgomeryshire, called Welsh webs. This trade in flannels, of which Shrewsbury had formerly a kind of monopoly, is now open to other parts of the county, but the town still continues a common mart for all sorts of commodities for Wales. Some manufactures are also carried on in the town, viz. two large manufactories of linen yarn, a porter brewery, and two extensive iron foundries. Shrewsbury is famous for its excellent brawn, which is sent to various parts of the kingdom. Shrewsbury sends two members to parliament, and has done so from the earliest period of representation. It is a place of great antiquity, and of considerable note in history. Its origin is referred to the 5th century, when the Britons are thought to have established themselves here, on

account of the security afforded by the situation. It was hence often visited by the English monarchs, became the scene of many military events, and took uniformly an active share in the various contests of those turbulent periods. About two miles from the town was fought the famous battle of Shrewsbury, in which Henry V. then prince of Wales, first distinguished himself in the field, and the brave Hotspur was slain. At the entrance of the town from London is a splendid column of freestone, to commemorate the military achievements of the gallant Shropshire hero, Lord Hill. Population 24,695.

Shelton Oak stands about 1½ mile from the suburbs of Shrewsbury, just where the Pool road diverges from that which leads to Holyhead. This oak is remarkable, as well for its size as its traditional history. Owen Glyndwr is said to have ascended it at the battle of Shrewsbury to reconnoitre; but finding that Henry IV. had a numerous army, and that Northumberland had not joined his son Hotspur, he fell back to Oswestry, and, immediately after the battle, retreated precipitously into Wales. The tree is now in a complete state of decay, even its larger ramifications; and within the hollow of it at bottom six persons at least may sit down and partake of refreshment.

On approaching the turnpike, on the right over the river is *Berwick House*, the beautifully situated residence of Mrs. Powys.

A little beyond the fourth mile stone, cross the Severn at Montford bridge.

NESSCLIFF,

$8\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Shrewsbury, and $98\frac{3}{4}$ from Holyhead.

On the western point of the rock at this place is the celebrated KYNASTON'S CAVE, which may be seen over the wood from the great road. It is much visited by passing strangers, to whom a ballad (containing most of the authentic particulars known of him) is sold for a small perquisite, by the old woman who inhabits it. Near the 13th mile stone on the right the *Pradoe* the seat of the Hon. Thomas Kenyon, and also *Tedsmere*, T. B. Owen, Esq.

About a mile further on the right in the village of West Felton is the *Nursery*, the beautifully sequestered residence of J. F. M. Dovaston, Esq.

Two miles before the approach to OSWESTRY, on the left, is *Aston* Park. This mansion is a truly elegant structure, surrounded by a noble domain replete with natural beauties, the effect of which has been considerably heightened by art, and reflect the highest degree of credit on their projector, W. Lloyd, Esq. the present proprietor.

OSWESTRY,

18 miles from Shrewsbury, and $89\frac{1}{2}$ from Holyhead,

was formerly surrounded by walls, and had four gates of entrance, which were all taken down about the year 1769, and the town is now fast encreasing

in size, and already extends considerably beyond the ancient boundaries on all sides, but more particularly on the English side. A castle appears to have been erected here in the reign of King Stephen, but this has now almost altogether disappeared, the only portion existing being on a lofty artificial mount at the west end of the town, from whence the prospect is at once rich and extensive, embracing great part of Shropshire, and some of the adjacent counties. Oswestry was severely harassed during the conquest of Wales by Edward I., and King John burnt the town in the time of his war with the barons; it was afterwards rebuilt, and again destroyed by Llewellyn in the year 1233. The church stands quite out of the town; it is spacious, and was once very handsome; indeed it still retains a bold and venerable appearance, notwithstanding its having been patched up without any regard to style or regularity; the tower, whose sides are beautifully mantled with clinging ivy, has a fine picturesque effect, but the interior is plain, having possibly been stripped of its ornaments. Oswestry stands at a short distance from the canal that unites the rivers Severn and Mersey; it was anciently a borough, and has still the benefit of a good weekly market on Wednesday. The quarter sessions are held here, and the town also contains a very good modern built, and well endowed grammar-school. Population 3910.

Whittington Castle. This extremely picturesque ruin at present consists of the remains of eight

very massy towers with intermediate walls; but the former are not regularly placed, except four at the angles of the keep, at the west corner of which are two, very close together, with steps between, as if for an entrance. The two towers at the east gateway, still entire, are inhabited as a farm-house; and on the whole of the east side is a lake which washes the walls of the castle, now finely fringed with ivy, and shaded with large old trees. On and around a high mount in the interior, are some extremely tall wych-elms and ash-trees, perhaps the finest in Shropshire. The gateway towards the village, with the old towers in the back ground, present a highly interesting appearance. A running brook still occupies part of the moat, and the keep is now used for a garden, the latter having a deep well at its north corner. On digging in this garden some years since, a pavement was found all over at an even depth, besides which various curiosities have been discovered at different times among the ruins.

CHIRK, *Denbighshire.*

23¾ miles from Shrewsbury, and 83½ from Holyhead.

Chirk is a very populous village situated on the brow of a limestone hill amidst a number of coal and lime-works. The church-yard contains seven aged yews, and the church many monuments to the memory of different branches of the Myddleton family of Chirk Castle. In the year 1164 this village was the

scene of one of the most severe conflicts ever witnessed between the English and the Welsh. The surrounding country is remarkably beautiful, but at about two miles distant, on the road to Ruabon, is presented one of the most beautiful landscapes ever beheld. In the immediate neighbourhood of Chirk is the aqueduct of the Ellesmere canal, which is a very curious and elegant contrivance, and notifies in the greatest degree the ingenuity and skill of Mr. Thomas Telford, the engineer, under whose superintendance this great work was projected and ultimately executed.

On the left is *Chirk Castle*, Mrs. Myddleton Biddulph. This very noble castellated mansion is situated on an eminence, and enjoys a varied and most delightful prospect into seventeen different counties: it is of a square form, with a stately bastion-like tower at each angle, surmounted by a small turret: the principal entrance leads through another massy tower into a spacious quadrangular court-yard, round which are the different apartments, and on whose eastern side there is a handsome colonnaded piazza; the interior is elegantly furnished, and the picture gallery contains many performances of infinite merit. The park is very extensive, reaching to the foot of the Berwyn mountains, and is partially covered with lofty forest-trees: the plantations are of the first class, and the pleasure grounds are laid out in a very chaste style.

LLANGOLLEN,

30½ miles from Shrewsbury, 76¾ from Holyhead.

Llangollen is a small town, situated in a vale of the same name. It has a market on Saturday, but contains nothing really worthy of notice except the bridge, which is a handsome and very curious structure, and was erected by John Trevor, Bishop of St. Asaph, in the early part of the 14th century. It consists of five irregular pointed arches through only one of which the water generally runs; but it has there formed a deep chasm in the bed of the river, which is one continued surface of solid rock; and this bridge is also accounted by many one of the wonders of Wales, from the apparent impossibility of here fixing a foundation, sufficiently strong to withstand the impetuosity of the current. The church is not remarkable for the beauty of its architecture; but the tourist cannot fail to be pleased with a view of the river Dee, obtained from its elevated and spacious church-yard, notwithstanding it is the opinion with some writers, that the perspective here partakes more of the character of what painters call a study, rather than a composition. The neighbourhood of Llangollen has been always celebrated by the lover of picturesque scenery, as one of the most romantic and beautiful in North Wales, and the inhabitants of the town derive no small portion of their maintenance from the influx of wealthy strangers, who take up their temporary abode here, in order to visit

the places in the vicinity, and survey the various beauties of its far-famed vale.

Plas Newydd, Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby. This is a neat and commodious erection in the cottage style, occupying rather a secluded situation, but containing within itself ample resources of amusement and recreation for those who are capable of appreciating the value of a library well stocked with modern literature. The various apartments shewn to strangers are elegantly fitted up, and decorated with drawings of the most picturesque scenes in the vicinity; and the grounds, which are naturally beautiful, have received every embellishment that art is capable of contributing, without the least appearance of controul; they are in the highest state of cultivation, and contain some excellent plantations with fine gravel walks so judiciously formed as to convey an idea of considerable extent. The prospects from this seat are also of an exceedingly diversified character; in some of them the varied beauties of the grounds are finely contrasted with lofty mountains, and others are rendered additionally interesting from the ruins of Dinas Bran Castle, and the tower of Llangollen church.

Caer Dinas Bran, or Crow Castle. This interesting ruin occupies the summit of a conical mountain, which is so precipitous as to be almost inaccessible on all sides; but the most accessible part was de-

fended by a trench cut through the solid rock. It appears from the massy fragments of the walls to have been a large, and almost impregnable fortress, and was certainly a place of great importance in the time of Owen Glyndwr, who had much to fear from it and the adjacent military outposts at the time of his quarrel with Lord Grey de Ruthin, his residence being in the immediate neighbourhood, and this castle being then possessed by the Earl of Arundel, a firm supporter of the Lancaster cause.

About two miles distant, on the road to Ruthin, *Valle Crucis Abbey*. This grand and highly picturesque ruin is delightfully situated in a vale, receiving an addition to its majestic appearance from the appropriate gloom of the surrounding scenery, which cannot fail to impress the mind of the beholder with reverential awe; it was founded in the year 1200, and notwithstanding the lower part has been converted into a farm-house, it still retains many of its monastic features. The church appears to have been cruciform; its east and west ends, together with part of the transept, are still in existence, and exhibit a specimen of the pointed style of architecture which prevailed through the whole structure; at the same time that the ivy clad walls, partly concealed by tall ash-trees growing within the area of the building, afford as fine a picturesque object as the painter could imagine or desire.—Near the above is the Pillar of Eliseg, a sepulchral stone raised by Concenn to the

memory of his great-grand-father Eliseg, who was slain in a battle fought with the Saxons near Chester in the year 607. It is a round column, said to have been originally 12 feet high, but does not now exceed 8 feet.—Not far from this are the ruins of the palace of Owen Glyndwr; scarcely any vestiges of which are however now in existence, but we cannot allow the spot to pass unnoticed, as the individual to whom it formerly belonged forms so conspicuous a figure in Welsh history. He here lived the life of a little sovereign in his own dominions, till a quarrel arose between him and Lord Grey of Ruthin Castle, which lasted many years; in this Glyndwr was backed by his faithful Welsh, and Grey by Henry IV., who sacrificed by this means 100,000 lives, besides burning numerous habitations and destroying immense property, which excited a great degree of animosity in the minds of the native Welsh.

Near to this is *Llandysilio Hall*, — Harrison, Esq. The mansion is a handsome brick building, consisting of a centre and two projecting wings, containing a number of spacious and elegant apartments. The surrounding scenery is extremely pleasing, including the serpentine course of a river, a fine romantic valley, passing among the hills, and a good back-ground of mountains, whose bases are well clothed with wood.

CORWEN, *Merionethshire.*

40¾ miles from Shrewsbury, and 66½ from Holyhead.

Corwen, a neat small town situated under a rock, at the foot of the Berwyn mountains, on the southern bank of the river Dee, contains a church in which there is an ancient monument to the memory of one of its vicars; in the church-yard is also a very old stone pillar that has been much ornamented, and not far from it stands a good alms-house for six clergymen's widows. Corwen is much resorted to by anglers during the season, as the river abounds with trout, grayling and salmon. Opposite the town, on the other side of the river, is a British post, called Caer Drewyn, a circle of loose stones upon the summit of a steep hill, ½ mile in circumference, with the remains of circular habitations within. It is supposed that Owen Gwynedd occupied this post, while Henry II. was encamped on the opposite side of the vale, and it was afterwards a retreat of the celebrated Owen Glyndwr, whose memory is highly revered in this neighbourhood, long the scene of his military exploits and hospitality. The encampment commands a delightful view of the vales of Glyn-Dwrdwy and Eidernion, and may be distinguished from the church-yard in the direction of the village of Cwmwyd.

Near Corwen is *Rhagatt*, the seat of Edward Lloyd, Esq. and about two miles beyond is *Rûg*, the se-

questered seat of Col. Griffith Vaughan; $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles further is *Glyn Dyffryn*, with the bridge and waterfall.

After passing Corwen, the road crosses the Dee over a fine bridge as it leaves the vale of Eidernion; soon after it crosses the Alwyn, which runs nearly parallel with it on its northern side, till it reaches Maesmawr, where it crosses it again over a new bridge of one arch of 60ft. span, and several smaller ones, forming a solid mass of masonry nearly 300ft. long, and raised to an immense height above the valley and bed of the river.

CERIG Y DRUIDION,

$51\frac{3}{4}$ miles from Shrewsbury, and $56\frac{1}{2}$ from Holyhead.

The village of Cerig y Druidion has been left conderably to the right or north. Just before reaching this place, the road passes within a few hundred yards of Pen Gwerwyn, a hill on which are still to be seen the remains of a camp, said, by Pennant, to be that of the British King Caractacus, who retreated here after his defeat by Ostorius. The outworks, trench and rampart may still be distinctly traced; and the foundations of the wall probably exist below, though covered over with green sward. The area on the summit is a level plain. The history of Caractacus is so well known that it needs not be enlarged upon here. Aregwedd Voeddig, daughter of Ararwy, an intrepid British Amazon, basely betrayed

him into the hands of the Romans; and this act of perfidy was denominated one of the three secret treasons of Britain. Caractacus, in the year 52, was carried prisoner to Rome, and there conducted himself before the Emperor Claudius, with such manly and magnanimous deportment, as struck his enemies with admiration; they released him from his chains, and treated him with kindness and respect.

About three quarters of a mile before reaching Cernioge Inn, is a bog, said to be so exactly situated upon the summit level of this part of the country, that the water from it, at the eastern end, falls towards Corwen into the Dee, and at the western end, into the Conwy.

CERNIOGE MAWR,

53¾ miles from Shrewsbury, 53½ from Holyhead.

From Cernioge, past Bettws-y-Coed, Capel Curig, and Lake Ogwen, a broad, smooth, and well protected road has been made along the rocky precipices with which this mountainous country abounds.

BETTWS-Y-COED, *Carnarvonshire.*

63¼ miles from Shrewsbury, and 44 from Holyhead.

Near this place is a celebrated Salmon Leap, and bridge over the Conwy; and beyond, across the river, the elegant residence of Mr. Morgan, called The Lodge. About two miles beyond Bettws y Coed, the road passes close to the cataract of Rhaidr

y Wenol, on the Llugwy, which, nevertheless, may not be observed, unless the traveller is apprised of his situation, as it lies considerably below the road, and is hid by the surrounding rocks and foliage. The precise spot is pointed out by a high perpendicular naked reddish rock, on each side of which are larch plantations. Rude steps over the stone wall conduct the spectator, by a commodious path and winding staircase, to several different spots where the fall is seen to greatest advantage. Its height, the quantity of water, and the masses of rock that rise abruptly on each side and confine its channel, are all very considerable; the water is not precipitated in a single sheet from the top to the bottom, but may be said to be broken into three pretty equal steps; and these again are subdivided and broken by the jutting crags that force aside the water in every direction, and add to the beauty and interest of the whole. It is certainly the finest waterfall near the road we are supposed to be travelling, and few surpass it in the whole principality.

Beyond the fall, instead of following the old line along the south-west bank of the Llugwy to near Capel Curig, a substantial new bridge of two arches carries the road to the north bank, along which it runs for nearly two miles, where it is again joined by the old, at a fine lofty bridge on the left, where a semi-circular turret is placed in the wall, to view a pretty waterfall under the bridge.

CAPEL CURIG,

68¼ miles from Shrewsbury, and 39 from Holyhead.

The traveller is greatly indebted to Mr. Pennant, for the very great and comfortable accommodation he now derives from his exertions on this line of road. The inn at Capel Curig is now large and convenient; in addition to which, and to save time, Mr. Pennant has caused to be erected a cottage and stables, to enable parties in haste, as well as the mail and coaches to change horses without going down to the inn.

The situation of Capel Curig renders it a most convenient situation from whence to make excursions to some of the most interesting and sublime scenery in North Wales, among the first of which is the mighty and once wood covered Snowdon.

OGWEN LAKE, S. E. End,

72½ miles from Shrewsbury, and 34¾ from Holyhead,

From lake Ogwen the same perfect species of road-making is continued down the valley of the Ogwen opposite the great slate quarries, and across the river Ogwen, and some deep dingles, to the city of Bangor, the approach to which is now rendered very perfect.

LLANDYGAI,

81½ miles from Shrewsbury, and 25¾ from Holyhead.

The celebrated slate quarry near this place, is generally allowed to be the greatest curiosity of Caer-

narvonshire: here the many immense chasms, formed by separating and extracting the slate from the main body, excite the astonishment of the beholder; and the wonderful power of machinery will also be viewed with considerable pleasure, as exemplified in the iron tram-road, constructed for the more easy and expeditious conveyance of the waggons to and from the quay, at the expence of 170,000*l.* The nett profits of these quarries, at a moderate calculation amount to 15,000*l.* per annum, as no less than 100 tons per diem are conveyed to Port Penrhyn, and from 500 to 600 tons are shipped every week.

On the right is Penrhyn Castle, the seat of George Hay Dawkins Pennant, Esq. which is delightfully situated on a wooded eminence, between the estuaries of the Cegin and the Ogwen, about 2 miles east of the city of Bangor. It commands a fine view of the bay and town of Beaumaris to the north; the Great Ormes Head, and Penmaen-maur terminate the prospect on the east; and towards the south, the scene is closed by a bold and romantic range of mountains.

A short distance west of the castle is Port Penrhyn, where the slates are brought down from Mr. Pennant's quarry, and shipped in immense quantities to various parts of the world. It is easy of access, perfectly sheltered, and capable of accommodating trading vessels of upwards of 300 tons burthen.

It is but justice to the successor of the late Lord Penrhyn to say, that along with the estate, he appears to inherit the same spirit for improvement.

The recent extension of the quay at Port Penrhyn, is one of the many instances which might be recited; by it, accommodation has been given to about fifty sail of traders, in addition to the former shipping place, making the total length of the quay upwards of 300 yards. A neat stone bridge, built over the river Cegin, which runs in at the head of the port, forms a complete connexion between the quay, the limeworks, the sea shore, and the city.

A new park wall is another of the works Mr. Pennant has in hand;—several miles of it are already built, and coped with large rough slates set on edge, which give it a very bold and substantial appearance. A handsome Saxon lodge is also just completed, and we understand it is Mr. Pennant's intention to enlarge, or perhaps rebuild, the house of his ancestors.

These extensive improvements, conducted under the immediate eye of the worthy proprietor, are a source of employment to hundreds of honest families who share in the welfare of their master, and live in comfort under his protection.

BANGOR,

83½ miles from Shrewsbury, and 24 from Holyhead.

The town of Bangor, though now very considerably reduced in size, appears to have been, in ancient times, so large as to be called *Bangor fawr*, or the *great* Bangor. The name itself indicates the Chief Choir; or, as others hold, Bon Chôr the *beautiful* Choir: probably adapted in fondness by some fugitive monks, from Bangor ys Coed, once the most ample monastery in all Christendom. It is delightfully scattered in a narrow valley on the southern shore of the Menai near its opening to the *Lavan Sands* between two low ridges of slate rock, opening to the south towards Snowdon and terminating northwards about half a mile from the Cathedral, into the beautiful Bay of Beaumaris. On a rocky eminence, formerly stood a Castle, built during the reign of William Rufus, by Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, the site of which is still visible for a considerable extent, on a precipitous hill, about a quarter of a mile eastward of the city. The Cathedral, a low, plain building, containing several monuments, and other ornaments worthy attention, stands on the site of a more ancient edifice; and on the authority of Leland, Condagius, a British King, built a Temple to Minerva, 800 years before Christ. It at different times suffered severely by the political rage of the contending parties, who spread devastation and dismay over this part of Britain; it was burnt by Owen Glyndwr, 1402, and remained in its

ashes nearly a century. The city is tolerably well built, and contains the Bishop's palace, a very commodious edifice, besides some good charitable institutions; and a free school that has long been in high repute as a training seminary for Oxford and Trinity College, Dublin. The vicinity of the town is highly cultivated and some elegant villas are scattered round it; the scenery of the neighbourhood is also particularly beautiful and picturesque.

Though Snowdon and her five majestic sisters appear to but little advantage from this secluded spot, the smooth broad summit of Moel Elio, *(the bald mountain of frost)* rises in stern majesty before them, and intimates to the approaching traveller the rigid and Alpine regions he is about to enter, and seems kindly to caution him to a requisite preparation. The peculiar feature of Bangor is stillness and repose, either admonitory to exploring the rugged altitudes around, or congratulatory on returning from so elevated an excursion. On a mild and sunny summer's evening, when the rocks around, fringed with crimson-tufted heather, seem steeped in the mellow beams, and the ripple of the distant wave just finds the quiet ear, a contented heart cannot wonder at a Tourist remarking that were he its Bishop, he could wish no translation from hence but to Heaven. It is not, however, for us to admeasure a Bishop's humility, or the ambition of a Tourist. Both, at Bangor may enjoy

some of this world's highest gratifications; and in any place both may ensure the highest ultimate translation to eternal blessedness; finely, though feebly and faintly, indicated by the cleanly sanctitude, the peaceful softness, and simple, though sublime, scenery around the little mountain city of Bangor.

From being a quiet retired place Bangor is now becoming a scene of commercial bustle and activity, and rapidly rising into an important town. The opening of Lord Penrhyn's slate quarries, and the great increase of travelling through it since the Union with Ireland have been the chief causes of its encreased and growing prosperity. From the conveniencies for sea-bathing, the excellent new roads which branch from it in every direction, its proximity to many of the finest objects which Wales can boast of, and the great interest which is excited in the suspension bridge just finished over the Menai Strait, it has become a place of fashionable resort; and during the summer exhibits a scene of gaiety and cheerfulness, that forms a striking contrast to its ancient monastic gloom.

The traveller on leaving Bangor will proceed to view, as the writer did, with feelings of proud emotion, the noble modern boast of British skill and enterprise, in that wonderful display of it, the *Suspension Bridge*, over the *Straits of Menai*, into the

Isle of Anglesea. Descriptive efforts can but imperfectly convey ideas of the ingenuity and marvelous combination of mechanical labour evinced in this unique and most powerfully efficient structure. The thousands of massive links which compose the multitude of united chains, rivetted at their innumerable joints with the strongest bolts imaginable, present notwithstanding a most elegant and gracefully light appearance; while in festoons of the utmost symmetry, these chains support, as they flow from the two sets of noble conical pillars of abutment at either end of the arch, all the extraordinary combinations of mechanism which sustain the immense structure, and form its three grand parapet avenues of admirable perspective, and capacious extent. In short, whether from any point of this bridge itself, or at any first aspect whatever of its near approach, the spectator cannot but be wrapt in mute astonishment, and adore the attributes of the great Creator, who endues the mind of man with gradual capacity for the construction and achievement of such labours.

MENAI BRIDGE,

85¾ miles from Shrewsbury, and 21½ from Holyhead.

This stupendous effort of human genius was opened for general intercourse on Monday the 30th of January 1826, at half-past one in the morning. As the season was considered unfavourable for a public celebration of the event, the Commissioners

determined that the opening should be quite private; and in pursuance of this resolution, a meeting was held the previous evening at Bangor Ferry, to make the final arrangements.

Mr. W. A. Provis, the resident Engineer, was then dispatched to meet the London (*via* Shrewsbury) down mail and take charge of it across the bridge. Having mounted the box with David Davies the coachman and James Reid the guard, the mail proceeded, and on its way to the bridge took up Mr. Akers, the mail-coach superintendant, Mr. Hazledine, the Contractor for the iron-work, Mr. J. Provis, the Superintendant for proving and examining it, Mr. Rhodes who had the charge of erecting the iron and timber work, Messrs. W. and J. Wilson, sons of the contractor for the Masonry, Mr. Esplen, an Overseer, and as many more as could either be crammed in, or find a place to hang by.

Thus loaded, amidst the blaze of lamps, the cheers of those assembled, and the roaring of a heavy gale of wind, the gates were thrown open, and the mail passed triumphantly across!

About 9 o'clock, that excellent and indefatigable Commissioner, Sir Henry Parnell, and the chief Engineer Mr. Telford, (whose magnificent works are his best eulogium), passed over in the carriage

of the latter. Throughout the remainder of the day the numbers of carriages belonging to the gentry of Anglesea and Carnarvonshire, and many others, as well as horses and persons, that passed over, were immense; the bridge was literally crowded, (as many as 20 or 30,000 people crossed in the course of the day); and tickets could not be issued fast enough for the demand. On entering one end of the bridge a ticket is given which clears the other; but so delighted were many parties, that they flung away their tickets and paid at both toll-houses. The amount collected the first day exceeded £18, although the tolls are surprisingly low, and the Commissioners seeing the immense multitude meant to make a holiday, allowed them towards evening to go and return for once paying toll. Formerly on crossing the FERRY the charge was 2s. 6d. for each wheel of a carriage, besides a demand for the ferrymen, whereas the tolls over this bridge are only as follows:

	s.	d.
Stage and Mail Coaches	2	6
Other carriages with four wheels and four horses	3	0
Ditto, Ditto, four wheels and two horses	2	0
Chaise, Chair, or Gig, with two wheels	0	6
Waggon, Wain, or other such carriage with four wheels	1	0
Ditto, Ditto, Ditto, two wheels	0	6
Horse, Mule, or Ass, not drawing any carriage	0	2
Foot Passenger	0	1
Drove of Oxen, Cows, or neat Cattle, per score	1	0
Ditto Hogs, Calves, Sheep, or Lambs, per score	0	6

The evening was spent by the workmen with much fun and feasting, and the Sons of the Sister Kingdoms seemed to have but one feeling, in wishing success to The Bridge, and promoting the general hilarity.

The opening of this great work was to have taken place some days earlier, but it was postponed in consequence of the impossibility of the attendance of the Chief Engineer and some Noblemen and Gentlemen who were deeply interested in the undertaking. During the delay, strange rumours were sent abroad, and strange fears were conjured up, by persons whose *span* of mind was not sufficient to embrace and comprehend a work so novel and mighty. The presiding genius of Telford, and the events of the week proved how utterly baseless were all those tales aud terrors. A person who passed over in the mail said, that he perceived no difference when the carriage passed from the turnpike road along the Bridge;—that no horses startled at the mighty sound of the wind passing through *this* magnificent Æolian *Harp* of Ireland!

The extreme length of the chains of the bridge from the fastenings in the rocks, is about 1600 feet. The height of the road-way from high-water line is 100 feet. Each of the seven small piers, from high-water line to the spring of the arches is 65 feet. The span of each arch 50 feet. Each of the two

suspending piers is 52 feet above the road. The road on the Bridge consists of two carriage-ways (one for going, and the other for returning) of 12 feet each, with a foot path of 4 feet between these two carriage ways. The carriage-roads pass through two arches, in the suspending piers of the width of 9 feet, by 15 feet in height to the spring of the arches. To counteract the contraction and expansion of the iron, from the effect of the change of the atmosphere in winter and summer, rollers are placed under cast-iron saddles, on the tops of the suspending piers, where the chains rest. The vertical rods, an inch square, suspended from the chains, support the sleepers for the flooring of the road-way, the rods being placed five feet from each other. The chains, 16 in number, contain 5 bars each; length of the bar 9 feet 9 inches, width 3 inches by 1 inch square, with six connecting lengths at each joint 1 foot 6 inches, by 10 inches, and 1 inch square, secured by two bolts at each joint, each bolt weighing about 65 pounds, and the total number of bars, in the cross section of the chains, is 80.

The whole is suspended from four lines of iron cables by perpendicular iron rods, placed five feet apart, and these rods support the road-way framing. The suspending power is calculated at 2016 tons, and the weight to be suspended, exclusive of the cables, is 342 tons, leaving a disposable power of 1674 tons. The weight of the whole bridge be-

tween the points of suspension is 489 tons. It is calculated that the contraction and expansion of the iron cables may occasion a rise or fall to the extent of four or five inches; but the variations of the temperature of the atmosphere will not derange the bridge.

The abutments consist of the masonry-work, as it is represented in the frontispiece; each of the piers are 60 feet by 24½ wide at high-water mark, having a foundation of rock. These piers are connected with the whole of the remainder of the masonry, and form a mass constructed with blocks of hard lime-stone, of much greater weight than is necessary for supporting a bridge of this kind.—Indeed the structure and workmanship are alike honourable to the Designer, the Engineer, the mechanical skill of the Workmen, and the fostering aid of Parliament, and Sir H. Parnell, Hon. T. Kenyon, and the other Commissioners.

The views from the bridge are very delightful. The beautiful bay of Beaumaris opens on the right, whilst in the distance Puffin's Island, the great Orme's Head and Penmanmawr close the view of some of the wildest and most magnificent scenery in nature.

From Menai Bridge, an entirely new road has been made through the Island of Anglesea, crossing

the main ridge at 160 feet below the level of the old road; in the whole distance it passes over a gently waving surface without one inconvenient ascent or descent; it is broad, smooth, level, and well-protected; and by crossing the Stanley Sands, the circuity by the four-mile bridge is avoided, and the line to Holyhead rendered very direct.

LLANGRISTIOLUS CHURCH.

$93\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Shrewsbury, and $13\frac{3}{4}$ from Holyhead.

MONA INN,

$95\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Shrewsbury, and 12 from Holyhead.

This is a new built and very commodious Inn, where the traveller will meet with attention and civility.

HOLYHEAD,

$107\frac{1}{4}$ miles from Shrewsbury, and $260\frac{1}{2}$ from London.

The town consists principally of one street, with a handsome embattled church, formerly collegiate, but now parochial, and belonging to Jesus College Oxford; the churchyard is surrounded by a stone wall with a round tower at the north-east corner of the sea, and supposed by some to have been a fortress, the idea of which is certainly justified by their present appearance. Here are also an assembly-room, and baths for the amusement and accom-

modation of visitors, and a well-supplied market on Saturday; but the traveller whose object is pleasure alone, will find little to interest him here.

The South Stack light house, on an islet, within about twenty yards of the bold cliffs of the mountain, exhibits a revolving light of the greatest utility. The islet is connected with the mountain by means of a rope bridge, which is perfectly safe to cross over although of awful sublimity in appearance.

An extensive pier on an island called *Ynyshalen*, forms the north side of the harbour; at the extremity of which, is a fine light house, exhibiting a brilliant light by oil gas.

The Mail arrives at Holyhead at 12 o'clock at night, the steam packet sailing immediately and reaching Dublin by 7 the next morning.

A packet also sails every morning at 7.

FINIS.

Howell, Printer, Salop.

TIME-BILL.

Proceeding FROM LONDON TO HOLYHEAD.			STAGES OF THE MAIL.	Returning FROM HOLYHEAD TO LONDON.		
Hrs.	*Min.*		*Mail arrives at*	*Hrs.*	*Min.*	
8	0	P. M.	LONDON - -	6	5	A. M.
9	45	P. M.	South Mims -	4	20	A. M.
10	51	P. M.	Redburn -	3	10	A. M.
12	48	A. M.	Brickhill - -	1	10	A. M.
1	46	A. M.	Stony Stratford	12	10	A. M.
2	36	A. M.	Towcester -	11	20	P. M.
3	56	A. M.	Daventry -	9	55	P. M.
4	46	A. M.	Dunchurch -	9	5	P. M.
5	59	A. M.	Coventry - -	7	50	P. M.
6	54	A. M.	Stonebridge -	6	55	P. M.
7	58	A. M.	Birmingham -	4	52	P. M.
9	59	A. M.	Wolverhampton	3	24	P. M.
11	17	A. M.	Shiffnal - -	2	2	P. M.
12	5	P. M.	Haygate -	1	12	P. M.
1	9	P. M.	SHREWSBURY	11	45	A. M.
2	22	P. M.	Nesscliff - -	10	52	A. M.
3	21	P. M.	Oswestry -	9	53	A. M.
4	39	P. M.	Llangollen -	8	35	A. M.
5	43	P. M.	Corwen - -	7	1	A. M.
7	34	P. M.	Cernioge -	5	40	A. M.
9	4	P. M.	Capel Curig -	4	10	A. M.
9	52	P. M.	Tyn y maes -	3	22	A. M.
10	32	P. M.	Penrhyn Arms	2	40	A. M.
11	54	P. M.	Mona Inn -	1	18	A. M.
1	12	A. M.	HOLYHEAD -	12	midnight.	

SKETCH

OF THE

LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER

Rail Way.

SKETCH

OF THE

Liverpool and Manchester

RAIL WAY,

WITH

A GUIDE TO THE TUNNELS, THE BRIDGES, AND OTHER SCIENTIFIC WORKS OF INTEREST TO THE TRAVELLER THROUGHOUT THE LINE.

SHREWSBURY:

Printed by H. EDGERLEY, Castle Street.

1830.

SKETCH

OF THE

Rail way, Tunnels, &c.

The important event which has so recently taken place in the completion of the above stupendous undertaking has, at last, after years of speculation, demonstrated the practibility of reducing (with efficient resources) some of our apparently wildest theories within the bounds of practical utility. The enterprising spirit of our commercial population, aided by the funds of their liberal minded contemporaries in society's higher grade, has effected its

object, in despight of the many natural and almost insurmountable obstacles which at every step presented a rampart against genius and industry. Briefly, however, as the limits of a cheap pamphlet allow us to enter into the investigation of its future effect upon trade and commerce, we cannot so readily skip over the immediate circumstances which connect themselves with this undertaking. To afford some clue to the extent of the enterprize, it is sufficient to premise—

"That the tunnel, which is wide and lofty, is above a mile and a quarter in length; that in cutting through hills and heights, and banking across valleys to maintain the level, not less than three millions of cubic yards of material, &c. have been removed and deposited, and that 4,000 tons of iron railway have been laid down; that no fewer than sixty-three bridges have been built under and over the line, one of which, a viaduct, is of nine arches, and sixty feet in height; one of four and two of two arches, and many of the others are of a massy and costly description."

The intermediate space between Liverpool and Manchester (a distance of thirty-

six miles) cannot be travelled by the speediest coaches in less than three hours; goods by cart or waggon at the rate of three miles an hour, and those sent by canal, which constitute four-fifths of the tonnage, are seldom delivered in less than two days. By the rail road, goods and passengers will be conveyed in considerably less time than is occupied by the swiftest coaches now running.

"The facility of rail way, locomotion will approximate the two towns, whilst the business of purchase and exchange will be transacted with a degree of dispatch of the first importance to commercial communities. The dealer may, if he chooses, accompany his purchases, and the manufacturer his bales, from one town to the other in an hour and a half, and return, after a ride of sixty miles, without a single sensation of fatigue. Such are the proximate advantages of the rail way; but others will be called into existence that embrace a wider sphere of operation. The line may be considered the grand trunk seated in Liverpool, from which numerous branches will diverge over the surrounding districts, for the supply of mutual wants and wealth. To the proprietors of the line is due, not only the merit of having formed the grand original line of double rail way, but of having, by

a judicious exercise of their liberality, brought the first talent in the country to bear upon the construction and improvement of locomotive engines."

It must be a subject of constant gratulation to feelings, wrought up to anxious and eager contemplation, to find realized, to its fullest extent, the extremes of expectation, in defiance of numerous discouraging circumstances.

In the progress of excavation, levelling, reduction of embankments, filling up hollows, vallies, and the varied labours of forming the line, much skill and ingenuity have been called forth. The fossil remains of Antedeluvian tribes of vegetable and animal matter have been exposed to the keen eye of the antiquary and the geologist, whilst an immense stock of operative experience has been added to the science of the age. Scarcely in any instance has the powerful and almost inexhaustible resources of the human mind been called more fully into

action, or produced such demonstrative proofs of its triumph over the world of matter; and the consummation furnishes an example of successful enterprize that will not only give rise to similar undertakings in other parts of the country, but may influence, in an uncommon degree, the future destinies of the civilized world.

SKETCH OF THE RAILWAY

From the Liverpool to the Manchester Station.

"The station at Liverpool may be said to commence at the Company's Yard in Wapping, a short distance from the north end of the Queen's Dock, and extending, in one part, to Crosbie Street, from which also it has entrance gates; here ample space is appropriated for the receiving and delivering of coals, and other heavy articles, not liable to injury from the weather; and for finer goods an elegant pile of warehouses is erected over the rail way, which here runs in a cutting under the surface of the land in the neighbourhood, so as to meet the mouth of the tunnel by a gently inclined plane from the Wapping entrance. The front and back of this range of warehouses, form the lateral boundaries of the rail way for a length of warehouses, and the floors overhead are supported by rows of handsome lofty cast iron pillars, running between the four lines of rail way here laid down. In the spacious area thus formed under the building, the fine goods will be received from and delivered to the warehouse keepers by the waggoners, by means of hatchways in the floors above.

"Proceeding from under the warehouses, we enter an open area, walled on each side with massy stones. At the far corner on the left is a neat building designed for offices, and close to it is the entrance of a dark cavern, simply arched with brick, being the entrance to the

Great Tunnel.

The stranger who first explores this apparently interminable arch, cannot fail to be impressed with awe and admiration; it is the most remarkable portion of the whole work, whether we consider its extent, or the danger and difficulty which attended its formation. To those who have never made a subterranean excursion, a walk or a ride through the tunnel presents matter of extraordinary interest and novelty, and even the practised miner must pause with satisfaction to view an excavation so perfect in its execution and so remarkable in its extent. If the gas, which is introduced by lamps from the roof, be not lighted, a flambeau or several candles are requisite to enable the visitor to explore with advantage this wonderful artificial cavern; for though the day

light penetrates a considerable distance from its mouth, the obscurity soon thickens into total darkness, particularly at the western end, where it commences by a curve to the right.

"A few paces from the entrance, there is a huge round-topped gate, formed of frame work and upright iron rods. This ponderous portal is fixed on a centre pivot in the roof and another in the middle of the rail road, so that it is easily turned either way, and effectually closes up the vault from intruders, yet admits a free passage of air. After proceeding about 270 yards in a gentle curve towards the south east, the visitor reaches the bottom of the inclined plane, the rise of which three-fourths of an inch to the yard is regularly maintained to the further end of the tunnel, at Edge Hill, a distance of 1980 yards, the whole length being *one mile and a quarter and fifty yards.* The footing is pleasant, dry, and spacious, the road being formed of sand, and the double lines of railway in the inside rising about an inch above the level, and in continuous parallel lines serve at once to direct his course, and to convey an idea of interminable distance.

"The tunnel was excavated in seven or eight lengths; the first shaft was commenced in October 1826, and several others were soon afterwards opened at different distances, but the main work of excavation did not begin until the January following. Its width throughout is

twenty-two feet, and sixteen feet in height. The sides rise about five feet perpendicular; the roof which they support is a correct semi-circle, and the surface of the whole, from the application of the pickaxe alone to the stone, presents a smoothnes of appearance which could only be produced by a masterley use of the instrument. About two-thirds of the tunnel is driven through the solid rock, and where that was found defective, owing to partial appearances of clay, sand, or slates, and insecure material, the same is strongly arched with brick. The manner of working through the softer materials where water was often met with, was necessarily cautious, and in some parts was attended with difficulties of no ordinary nature, but which was surmounted by skill and perseverence. The cutting of the tunnel, which is from fifty to seventy feet below the unequal surface, gave rise to considerable geological speculations; but the white wash has now concealed all that appeared remarkable or curious. The stone is chiefly red, occasionally streaked with white, some curious narrow streaks of white and red raddle (an unctuous soft stone or compact earth) are also observable between beds of rock."

On a clear day the light may be seen at the top of the tunnel at Edge Hill from the bottom of the inclined plane below, a distance of above a mile. The appearance to a keen eye is that of the upper hemisphere of the moon, seen dimly through a hazy cloud, and

diminishing almost to a speck in the distance. This feeble light gradually expands as the traveller nears it, and if the atmosphere be clear, he may venture to extinguish his torch, and proceed as though illumined by the gradual approach of day. But to form a true estimate of the splendour and magnificence of the tunnel, it should be visited when the gas is burning. The public curiosity was first gratified when it was opened by the directors in the month of July last year. It was lighted by jets five yards apart, fixed from the roof throughout its whole extent. The effect was beautiful in the extreme;—the lights nearest the spectator appeared a considerable distance apart; further on they approximated in the perspective, and finally became blended into a continuous line of flame, fading, by the easiest gradations, from a pure white to a fine red colour. The whitened roof and sides, contiguous to each light, were so strongly illuminated, that the whole vista appeared like a succession of superb arches,

formed through massy parallel walls, the intervening space being left in comparative darkness. On emerging from the tunnel, we find ourselves in the

Grand Area at Edge Hill.

From the centre of the solid rock, constituting the west side of the area, runs the large tunnel from which the visitor has just emerged. On the north side of it is the small accommodation tunnel, leading through the hill to the Company's Yard in Crown Street. On the other side of the large excavation is another, which, though it does not penetrate far, has no outlet below, and is used as a workshop.

"Looking up from the area to the west, appear surmounting the two corners of the walls above, two beautiful Ionic columns, built of checquered brick, with pedestals and capitals ornamented with stone. The columns rise to the height of 100 feet, and are conspicuous and decorative objects; these are the chimnies of the two engine furnaces below, the boilers of which are placed in small tunnels cut laterally into the rock, forming the area and near to its western end.

"The next object of attention to the enquirer is the *small tunnel,* intended for the convenient transit of goods from the upper part of the town, for which the larger tunnel is not so available. As a miniature representation of the larger excavation, it possesses a proportionate degree of interest. Its length is 291 yards, twelve in height and fifteen in width. For about two-thirds of its length from the east, with slight exceptions, it is cut through the solid stone. The remaining labours of the workmen were met by a soft loose earth, and brick was employed for the sides and arching. A number of gas lights are fixed to the sides of this cavern, which, when lighted, convey an imposing effect. The entrance from the west end is under a fine skew bridge, over which passes the public road. Under the interior extremity of this bridge, which make a portion of the tunnel, the year 1829 is placed in figures relieved.

"Again emerging to the open air, the visitor finds himself in the large yard of the Company's, to the extremity of which the rails extend. On one side is a range of buildings for the use of the locomotive carriages. In front of these is a building intended as coach offices, apartments for the reception of travellers, and offices for the clerks of the company. Passengers from Liverpool will be brought in omnibuses, and taking their places in the travelling carriages destined for the completion of their journey, will be let down the inclined plane of the small tunnel, to be hooked to the engines in the area on the other side of the hill.

ROUTE TO MANCHESTER.

"The greater portion of passengers will, as a more direct route than through the tunnel, be conveyed from Dale Street to Edge Hill, if going to, and *vice versa* if returning or coming from, Manchester, without the necessity of passing through the great tunnel. The traveller, being seated in one of the rail way carriages, is quickly whirled through the small tunnel. Arrived at the area behind Edge Hill, his vehicle, with others of the same class, are yoked to the engine which awaits them. In a few moments being all seated, the valves of the engine are opened;—the steam, which has to this time continued hissing and belching forth smoke and fire, is suppressed;—the machine starts forward, and the train of vehicles attached to it are dragged along with a velocity resembling that of a comet. The line of road which now quickly presents itself is regular, ample in breadth, and gently raised in the middle, the superstratum being chiefly sand, smoothed with a rake;—in the centre are

laid, with mathematical precision, the double line of rail way, consisting of four equi distant rails, four feet eight inches apart; the rails, which weigh 35lb each lineal yard, are of drawn iron, firmly fixed in iron supprters spiked to blocks of stone several inches below the surface.

"The continuous lines of rail way have a pleasing effect, leading the eye onward without fatigue. Passing onwards, after leaving Spekelands on the right, the traveller is soon conveyed across Wavertree Lane. On the left is Plumbs Hall, the seat of C. Lawrence, Esq. the Chairman of the Rail Way Committee, and southward is Wavertree and the Woolton Hills.

"Here at the crossing of the roads are two handsome gates, at the further of which is a lodge for the gate keeper; these are for the purpose of preventing intruders, or cattle from straying on the railway; there are similar barriers where the crossing of a road over the line render it necessary.

"The road, after passing the first pair of gates, falls, for about five miles, four feet in the mile; the vehicles rapidly merge into a deep marl cutting, in which the surrounding country is soon hidden from view. After passing under five bridges of one arch, the traveller finds himself in the deep and fearful excavation of Olive Mount. This passage is little short of two miles in length; the appearance of it is unique and picturesque, from the circumstance of its being cut out of the solid rock of which the hill is composed. Here the machine

passes over a fine level road, twenty feet in width, walled in with solid rock, rising perpendicularly to a height of seventy feet. At the deepest part of the cutting, it is crossed by a bridge which rises at a height of thirty feet over head, and looks like an immense gateway; the arch is turned with brick, but the original rock is left for a considerable height above it. Leaving this pass, which is highly calculated to draw the exclusive attention of the traveller, from its many remarkable features, the line soon after meets the level of the Roby Road, where the traveller commences the passage of the first mound on the road; new and successive objects of interest present themselves as we proceed along in a direct line. Broadgreen village, close on the right and nearly buried in trees, is soon left behind, and as the fields on each side fall from the level, the prospect becomes fairer and more extended. To the left, situated on a finely wooded elevation, is Summer Hill, the residence of Thomas Case, Esq., and further on appear the woodlands of Knowsley, while directly in front is the tower of Huyton church. A richly wooded valley on the right stretches towards Runcorn, and on the hill, Woolton and its mill, Nether Woolton and Childwall, while the glass work at Olive mount is conspicuous behind. We now, after successively gliding by Roby Hall and hamlet on the right, the Broadgreen Battery, a junction rail way for the conveyance of coals from the neighbouring mines, a pottery in a hollow close on the left, come to Whetstone village and bridge, seven miles and a half distant from Liverpool, and after passing under a wooden bridge, rush under one of forty-seven feet span, of stone and brick, with a remarkable skew."

The pace of the engine is now gradually reduced by the ascent of

Whiston Inclined Plane,

one of the greatest on the line, and which rises eighty-two feet in a mile and a half. At the top of the plane is fixed an engine as an auxiliary to the locomotives in ascending. The Rainhill level is now traversed at a rapid rate; a little beyond the eight and three-quarter mile post is the Rainhill bridge, on which the Liverpool and Warrington road, of thirty-four feet wide, crosses the line in a diagonal direction. A glass work now attracts notice on the left, and further on are several collieries communicating with the line of rail way.

Passing an interesting country, we reach the level of Parr Moss, and experience the first sensation of travelling on an elastic surface; the carriages are less noisy, and we feel as if skimming over a sea of oil. Leaving Bruton Wood on the right, we

reach, at a distance of fourteen miles and a half from Liverpool,

The Sanky Embankment and Viaduct.

The valley is here crossed by a battery of great height, (in one part more than seventy feet above the level of the field) and a magnificent viaduct, the latter has nine arches, each fifty feet span, and varies from sixty to seventy feet in height. The St. Helen's canal passes under one of these arches—a small river under another. The piling for the foundation of this bridge was a work of great magnitude, and the cost of the whole was above £40,000. At the fifteenth mile post commences the sandy main's embankment, from which the traveller is quickly borne to within a hundred yards of the little town of Newton. Here there is a viaduct of four arches, each thirty feet in span, and forty in height. A short way beyond Newton, the Wigan

and Newton branch enters the railway, and we come to the great Kenyon excavation. This is the largest work on the line, and across it are several handsome bridges. A little further on, joining the line by two branches from the north, one sweeping towards Manchester, the other to Liverpool, is the Kenyon and Leigh Junction Railway, which joins that of the Bolton and Legh; near the latter place, three bridges are successively passed under. Passing Kenyon, the seat of Mr. Lacy, a delightful prospect is obtained of the country on each side, agreeably diversified by smiling fields and woody enclosures. Pursuing our rapid course over the lowlands, we pass Bnry Lane, and further on to the left and behind the hamlet is Light Oaks, an ancient mansion surrounded by trees of a goodly growth. We now enter the far extended waste of

Chat Moss.

The rail way runs along the northern side and over the full breadth of this black and

the rail way crosses Water Street by a beautiful flat bridge, supported by cast iron beams, arched between with brick, and partly by a row of Doric columns, which form colonades, and give its internal arrangement the apppearance of a classical temple.

"The railway is upon a level with the second story of the warehouses, and by six large doors, the waggons may be rolled into them and discharged, or loaded, under cover.

"Opposed to the warehouses there is a spacious building, with a Grecian front to the Liverpool road. This will be the Station for the reception of passengers, who will pass through the building too and from the carriages."

Having proceeded so far in our sketch, and imitated, as near as possible, the rapid movements of the locomotive engines in the details we have afforded, it is necessary to explain, that a far more protracted account of the journey has appeared, and from which memorandum we have extracted much valuable information, in addition to those personal observations we have been compelled to make, in justification of the charge for this little work.

In considering the nature of an elaborate description, (which is necessarily attended with a high charge for paper and print) it is often a matter of suspicion, whether the mind, high wrought and teeming with romantic ideas, has not created a superstructure of varied beauty on a base of the most common place material. To prevent the possibility of such a surmise, it is left to the tourist to experience, with slight anticipations, those first sensations of surprise and pleasure which actual observation of mechanical ingenuity, combined and interwove with natural scenery, is calculated to produce. No description, however voluminous, could convey an impression adequate to the magnitude of the undertaking; and even should this be the case, the connecting links that bind the works of art and nature together in one symphonious whole, would be sacrificed at the shrine of florid metaphor, based on unreal deductions. To see a living landscape is far better than to describe one—and to feel the full energy,

the actual operation of that stupendous power which but a few years have called into action, is to comprehend the possibility of nature ultimately subjugating itself, without reserve, to the dominion of art.

The style of the vehicles used is unique both in form and dimensions, and of a variety of shape and size, agreeable to the objects for which they are intended. The most superb contain three apartments; the others resemble oblong squares, panelled at each end, and the rail which supports the back so contrived that it may be turned over, so that the passengers may face either way. The average rate of travelling may be computed at twenty miles an hour, with the full complement of travellers, as many as 120 being conveyed by the same engine; the solid weight, however, of goods and passengers must always depend upon the construction of the engine and its capability of action.

Conclusions as to the ultimate effect of steam power adapted to locomotion must be vague and uncertain; enough is known already to warrant the assertion, that the character of the country will be essentially changed by their introduction; that they will spread and extend like some mighty stream that has overflowed its boundaries, (from the parent source) and inundate the surrounding districts with myriads of its migratory population, pursuing their many callings with a new energy, and bearing with them the varied products of industry and commerce, till (to carry on the metaphor) a dam, or some uncalculated obstacle. opposes its wild career;—then, and not till then, will the speculative stream of ingenuity and perseverence meet with a decided check—and such a check the formation of the country does not or cannot present, as long as its domestic policy bears motives of public agrandizement and individual gain. Successful in the outset, where experience

has scarcely gained a footing on the slippery sands of misfortune, is it to be wondered at if progressive discoveries tend to further improvement, and improvement lead to that unbounded sway over the empire of mind and matter, which in the maturest reason of the days of other years, appeared the chimeras of a disordered imagination.

The compiler of this little sketch cannot leave the subject without reference to the gratification which is certain to be derived from a personal inspection of the tunnels, the rail road, and other objects of interest which present themselves along the line of road, assured that the expense of the journey will be more than balanced by an increased perception of men and things.

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